

# ON THE OTHER SIDE

*by Hal Friedman*

*Directed by Ian Schleifer and Hal Friedman*  
*Stage Manager-Meredith Mandell*

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## CAST

Betty - Ariana Moses  
Hippy - Sarah Tucker  
Little Girl - Erin Fogel  
Irving - Abe Goldfarb.  
Lorraine - Amanda Diamondstein  
Employee - Carly Fogel  
Employee 2 - Sasha Foppiano  
Director - Hal Friedman  
Assistant Director - Marcy Lambert  
Mother - Ali Flack  
Jason - Jason Klein  
Bar Tender - Roger Bailey  
Cherry - Meredith Mandell

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## PRODUCTION STAFF

Love and Support-Gillian Foley  
Costume Design-Anna Giddings  
Costume Crew-Anna Giddings and Phillippa Virden

## SPECIAL THANKS TO:

The Music Shed  
Costume  
Set  
Michael Venning  
Video  
Pub  
Ya Bob  
Shelly Wynecoop  
The theatre staff  
Steve Ansell  
The office staff  
The directors  
And Ernst.

Production Stage Manager—Matt Smith  
Lighting Designers—Karen Wood, Jeremy Getz  
Light Board Operators—Karen Wood, Jeremy Getz,  
Adam Detsky

Follow Spot Operator—David Kraft  
Sound and Designers—Eff Henriquez, Adam Segal, Adam Berson  
Sound and Board Operators—Eff Henriquez, Adam Segal  
Backstage Lighting and Sound Assistance—Mike Sells,  
Catherine Willding, Dan Bridge, Jordan Eber,  
Adam Berson

Sound Crew—Justin Finkle, Josh Leitner  
Costume Design—Janine Chisholm  
Costume Crew—Helen McInnes, Phillipa Virden,  
Anna Giddings, Nafisa Shaikh, Barbara Janovsky  
Designer—Rich Dunham  
Master Carpenter—Michael Venning  
Carpenters—Matt Smith, Julie Dobson, Emma Lunt,  
Andrew Mirsky

Wardrobe Mistresses—Rebecca Weinberger, Sarah Hirshan  
Hair Art by Stacey Gish

#### Special Thanks to —

Risa Ross, Jesse Bonderman, Rose Bonczek, Jeff Turner,  
Lle Re Arp, Chelsea (Dunham not Clinton), Sarah Egan,  
Ka Blumberg, Janine the costume queen for over 100  
tumes, Rebecca Weinberger, Sarah Hirshan, Jaki Silver,  
c Hirsch, Stacey Gish, Kate Fried, Jen Ballin, Barry Tropp,  
rc Richter, Sandro Weiss, Charlie Ledley and Mac, the Pub  
pp, the Print Shop, the LSD Adams, Ed, Marilyn, Stan,  
rlene, the awfice, Fred the Fish, and of course Ernst.

COMMUNICATIONS  
1993  
SHOP

# RYDELL HIGH *Class of '59*

# GREENASIE

By Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey

*Directed by Steve Ansell   Assistant Director: Marisa Ross  
Choreographer: Meredith Krantz  
Stage Manager: Stacey Gish  
Assistant Stage Manager: Rebecca Weinberger*

## Cast

Danny Zuko—David Tuchmann  
Sandy Dumbrowski—Gina Hirsch  
Jan—Ariella Bar-Nissim  
Frenchy—Amanda Lipitz  
Marty—Joelle Yudin  
Kenickie—Amos Kenigsberg  
Doody—John Levy  
Roger—Dan Salomon  
Miss Lynch—Serena Silver  
Patty Simcox—D'Arcy Harrison  
Eugene Florczyk—David Hanlon  
Betty Rizzo—Marisa Kurtzman  
Sonny La Tierri—Matt Fantaci  
Vince Fontaine—Eric M. Hirsch  
Johnny Casino—Hal Friedman  
Cha-Cha DiGregorio—Ariane Malia Reinhart  
Teen Angel—Tim Gillam  
Waitress—Lili Kalish  
Coach—Stefan Bondell  
Shiela's voice—Elizabeth A. Sroka  
Hero's voice—Charlie Ledley  
Sherry—Elizabeth A. Sroka  
Donna—Zoe Levy  
Tom/Mad Scientist Voice—Abe Goldfarb

## Ensemble

Phia, Jaki Silver, Jackie Weiss, Eve Kagan,  
Tanya Brown, Jennifer Holmes, Alicia Horwitz,

## Ensemble (continued)

Amy Herzog, Siobhan Lockhart, Sarah Hirshan,  
Naomi Bernstein, C.C. Gallagher, Emily Weinstein  
Allegra Bartko, Elizabeth A. Sroka, David Haskell  
Jessica Dee, Ben Flaccus, Micah Lasher, Zoe Levy  
Daniel Blake, Jason Klein, Jeremy Markman

## Johnny Casino and the Gamblers are:

*Music Director: Jay Hassan  
Vocal Director: Ericka Blumberg  
Assistant Vocal Director: Sarah Egan*

### Strings

Dan Cohen—Violin  
Nora Harris—Viola  
Carolyn James—Cello  
Mairi Dorman—Cello

### Winds

Steve Alford—Tenor Sax  
Ted Masur—Tenor Sax  
Donna Wissinger—Flute  
Mitch Wechsler—Trumpet  
Charles Bayne—Trombone

### Rhythm Section

Dan Seiden—Guitar  
Martin Lenahan—Guitar  
Erika Blumberg—Piano  
Mike James—Piano  
Zachary Burd—Percussion

*All cigarettes used in this show are non-nicotine, non-tobacco  
The cast and crew are against the promotion of smoking.*

## Cast Note

In the 1950's, for the first time, young people started rebel against the norm and establish their own identity. Rock 'n' Roll proved the perfect backdrop with its driving beat and sexual overtones. In the 1990's our culture has become big business and the hop has been replaced by the Gap. Enjoy the show and return just for a short while to a time of innocence, expectation, heart, soul, and Rock'n' Roll.

# JAZZ IMPROVISATION CLASS

ES IN F ..... COMPOSED BY MEMBERS OF THE CLASS  
MELEON ..... HERBIE HANCOCK

## SOISTS

Mike Fuerstein, Tenor Sax  
Allegra Bartko, Alto Sax  
Dylan Roddick, Guitar  
David Rothauser, Bass  
Peter Shanel, Drums  
Leo Ferguson, Drums  
Ariel Nelson, Drums  
David Fishkin, Alto Sax

Keyboard: Charles Bayne  
Piano: Mike James  
Tenor Sax: Ted Masur

PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF TED MASUR,  
STEVE ALFORD, CHARLES BAYNE

*We thank the following  
without whom this night is not possible:*

*The Directors, Ernst Bulova, Christopher Lewis,  
Sandro Weiss, Bob Dicke, and the rest of the Pub Shop.*

PUBLICATIONS  
1993  
SHOP

UCK'S ROCK CAMP • NEW MILFORD, CT 06776

Camper Recital, July 22, 1993

# MUSIC SHED



# CAMPER RECITAL

JULY 22, 1993

## VOICE

MATCHMAKER (FIDDLER ON THE ROOF).....JULES STYNE  
Jennifer Babel, Alex Rankin-McGill, Jackie Weiss

FAR FROM THE HOME I LOVE (FIDDLER ON THE ROOF) .. JULES STYNE  
Serena Silver

THE MUSIC AND THE MIRROR (A CHORUS LINE)  
Jackie Weiss KLEBAN AND HAMLISCH

THE ROSE ..... AMANDA BROWN  
Alex Rankin-McGill

THE SOUND OF MUSIC ..... RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN  
Athena Perry

ANGEL OF MUSIC(PHANTOM OF THE OPERA) WEBBER, HART, STILGOE  
Rosie Benton, Beth Kalisch, Jesse Blumberg

WISHING YOU WERE SOMEHOW HERE AGAIN  
(PHANTOM OF THE OPERA) ..... WEBBER, HART, STILGOE

YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND ..... CAROLE KING  
Rosie Benton

NOBODY'S HOME; VERA ..... PINK FLOYD  
Eric Rosenfield

WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY(MY FAIR LADY) ..... LERNER AND LOWE  
Jennifer Rosen

THE RAIN IN SPAIN (MY FAIR LADY) ..... LERNER AND LOWE  
Beth Kalisch, Jesse Blumberg

PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF ANNA BARTOS

BLUES IN C ..... ROB SARANCO  
David Tuchmann, Piano

PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF THE IMPROVISATION CLASS  
LED BY TED MASUR, STEVE ALFORD, CHARLES BAYNE

## THE LARK TRIO

ALLEGRO MAS NON TROPPO  
GABRIELLE FAURE

Nora Kroll-Rosenbaum, Piano  
Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum, Violin  
Mari Dorman, Cello

PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF MAIRI DORMAN

MARCH ..... C.P.E. BACH

Trumpets

Ariella Bar-Nissim

Jesse Blumberg  
Mitch Wechsler

Tympani

Zachary Burd

PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF MITCH WECHSLER

MAGNETIC RAG ..... SCOTT JOHNSON  
Samantha Schrier, PIANO

NOCTURNE OPUS 55 NO.1 ..... CHOPIN  
Nora Kroll-Rosenbaum, Piano

PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF MIKE JAMES

## GUITAR CLASS

ARE YOU GOING MY WAY ..... LENNY KRAVITZ  
Jacob Wunsch, Alex Simon, Charlie Looker, Leo Ferguson

PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF MARTIN LENAHAN  
AND COLIN SCHLIEFER

Music Shed recital, July 18, 1995



PUBLICATIONS  
1995  
SHOP

# MUSIC SHED



**BUCK'S ROCK CAMP**  
New Milford, Connecticut 06776

## ORCHESTRA

GREAT GATE OF KIEV      MODESTE MOUSSORGSKY  
FROM THE SUITE PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION

SELECTIONS FROM WATER MUSIC    G. FREDRIC HANDEL

ENTREE  
GIGUE  
CORO  
HORPIPE

SELECTIONS FROM OKLAHOMA  
RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN

ORCHESTRA DIRECTED BY JAY HASSAN

## CHORUS

FA UNA CANTORA      ORAZIO VECCHI  
UBI CARITAS      MAURICE DURUFE  
DIDN'T MY LORD DELIVER DANIEL      TRADITIONAL  
ARR. FENNO HEATH

CHORUS DIRECTED BY ERIKA BLUMBERG  
CO-DIRECTED BY TED MASUR • ACCOMPANIST MIKE JAMES

## STRING QUARTET

DIVERTIMENTO NO.3      MOZART  
ALLEGRO

DIRECTED BY MAIRI DORMAN

## MADRIGALS

THERE IS NO ROSE      BENJ. BRITTEN  
FROM CEREMONY OF CAROLS

DIRECTED BY ERIKA BLUMBERG

## ACAPPELLA

DANIELLE DREILINGER  
MARCIE SILVER  
CHARLOTTE VUARNESON

KATE FRIED  
SIOBHAN LOCKHART  
ALLEGRA BARTKO  
RACHEL LEIBSTER  
LILI KALISH

JESSE BLUMBERG  
RICHARD SCOTT  
DAVID TUCHMANN  
TED MASUR

MICHAEL JAMES  
JEFF BOBRICK  
DAVID HANLON  
GINA HIRSCH

NAOMI BERNSTEIN  
SARAH HIRSHAN  
BESS ORANSKY

TALYA GOULD  
TANYA BROWN  
JEN ROSEN  
SERENA SILVER

## JAZZ BAND

ALTO SAX

DAVE FISHKIN  
ALLEGRA BARTKO

TENOR SAX

MIKE FUERSTEIN  
RACHEL GOLDEN

BARITONE SAX

STEVE ALFORD  
TROMBONE

JUSTIN ASHENDORF  
JEFF SAMUELS  
CHARLES BAYNE

TRUMPET

ARIELLA BAR-NISSIM  
JESSE BLUMBERG  
MITCH WECHSLER

PIANO

DAVE TUCHMANN  
MIKE JAMES

BASS

DAVID ROTHAUSSER

## GUITAR

DYLAN RODDICK  
DRUMS

ARIEL NELSON  
PETER SHANEL

## FMLE

ALLEGRA BARTKO  
ALICIA HORWITZ  
BESS ORANSKY  
TANYA BROWN  
SIOBHAN LOCKHART  
TALYA GOULD

LILI KALISH  
CHARLOTTE VUARNESON  
RACHEL BOOKBINDER  
DYLAN RODDICK  
MATT HAICKEN  
JESSE BLUMBERG  
DAVID HANLON  
MARISA KURTZMAN  
SARAH HIRSHAN

We thank the following  
without whom  
this night would not  
be possible:

The Directors,  
Ernst Bulova,  
Christopher Lewis,  
Sandro Weiss,  
Bob Dicke,  
and the rest  
of the Pub Shop

## ORCHESTRA

AT GATE OF KIEV      MODESTE MOUSSORGSKY  
FROM THE SUITE PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION

LECTIONS FROM WATER MUSIC    G.FREDRIC HANDEL  
ENTREE  
GIGUE  
CORO  
HORNPIPE

LECTIONS FROM OKLAHOMA  
RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN

ORCHESTRA DIRECTED BY JAY HASSAN

## CHORUS

UNA CANTORA      ORAZIO VECCHI  
CARITAS      MAURICE DURUFLE  
N'T MY LORD DELIVER DANIEL      TRADITIONAL  
ARR. FENNO HEATH

CHORUS DIRECTED BY ERIKA BLUMBERG  
CO-DIRECTED BY TED MASUR • ACCOMPANIST MIKE JAMES

## STRING QUARTET

ERTIMENTO NO.3      MOZART  
ALLEGRO  
DIRECTED BY MAIRI DORMAN

## MADRIGALS

RE IS NO ROSE      BENJ. BRITTEN  
FROM CEREMONY OF CAROLS  
DIRECTED BY ERIKA BLUMBERG

## STRING QUARTET

EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK      MOZART  
ALLEGRO

DIRECTED BY MAIRI DORMAN

## FMILF

I SHALL BE RELEASED      DYLAN  
WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED      TRADITIONAL

DIRECTED BY ERIKA BLUMBERG

## ACAPPELLA

LOVE THE ONE YOU'RE WITH      STEPHEN STILLS  
ARR E. BLUMBERG  
HELPLESSLY HOPING      STEPHEN STILLS  
WOMEN'S ACAPPELLA      ARR E. BLUMBERG  
YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY      ARR. VIC HICKS  
MEN'S ACAPPELLA  
DON'T LET YOUR HEART      LONGWORTH  
SOLOIST GINA HIRSCH      ARR E. BLUMBERG

DIRECTED BY ERIKA BLUMBERG

## JAZZ BAND

WATERMELON MAN      HERBIE HANCOCK  
MACK THE KNIFE      KURT WEIL  
FROM THE THREE PENNY OPERA

IN THE MOOD

JOE GARLAND

DIRECTED BY TED MASUR

# PERSONNEL

## ORCHESTRA

### VIOLINS

SARAH KROLL-ROSENBAUM

DAN COHEN

NAOMI BERNSTEIN

MIKE KAPLAN

EMMA ROBERTS

### VIOLA

MEGHAN SHORT

NORA HARRIS

### CELLO

JASON KLAUBER

MAIRI DORMAN

### BASS

MISSY WEBB

### CARINET

DAWN STEIN

### FLUTE

MEGAN HEUER

JONATHAN TESSER

TED MASUR

### SAX

STEVE ALFORD

### TRUMPET

JESSE BLUMBERG

MITCH WECHSLER

### TROMBONE

JUSTIN ASHENDORF

JEFF SAMUELS

CHARLES BAYNE

PERCUSSION

ZACHARY BURD

MIKE JAMES

### PIANO

NORA KROLL-ROSENBAUM

## CHORUS

BESS ORANSKY

ALLEGRA BARTKO

JESSE BLUMBERG

AMOS KENIGSBERG

LILI KALISH

TALYA GOLD

SIOBHAN LOCKHART

BARBARA JANOVSKY

MARCI SILVER

ANNA SHNEIDERMAN

GINA HIRSCH

NORA HARRIS

EMMA ROBERTS

BETH KALISCH

TANYA BROWN

SARAH EGAN

JEN ROSEN

SUZANNE FEIGELSON

SERENA SILVER

DAVID TUCHMANN

LISA RABINOWITZ

NAOMI BERNSTEIN

MARISA KURTZMAN

CHARLOTTE VUARNESON

KATE FRIED

RACHEL LIEBSTER

JESSE BONDERMAN

TED MASUR

SARAH HIRSHAN

MALINA BROWN

DANIELLE DREILINGER

JESSICA DEE

RICHARD SCOTT

MICHAEL JAMES

JEFF BOBRICK

DAVID HANLON

MAGGIE THOM

## MADRIGALS

### SOPRANO

DANIELLE DREILINGER

MARCI SILVER

LISA RABINOWITZ

BESS ORANSKY

TANYA BROWN

### ALTO

CHARLOTTE VUARNESON

SARAH HIRSHAN

SIOBHAN LOCKHART

### TENOR

ALLEGRA BARTKO

LILI KALISH

## ACAPPELLA

DANIELLE DREILINGER

MARCI SILVER

CHARLOTTE VUARNESON

KATE FRIED

SIOBHAN LOCKHART

ALLEGRA BARTKO

RACHEL LIEBSTER

LILI KALISH

JESSE BLUMBERG

RICHARD SCOTT

DAVID TUCHMANN

TED MASUR

MICHAEL JAMES

JEFF BOBRICK

DAVID HANLON

GINA HIRSCH

NAOMI BERNSTEIN

SARAH HIRSHAN

BESS ORANSKY

TALYA GOULD

TANYA BROWN

JEN ROSEN

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CHARLOTTE VUARNESON

RACHEL BOOKBINDER

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MATT HAICKEN

JESSE BLUMBERG

DAVID HANLON

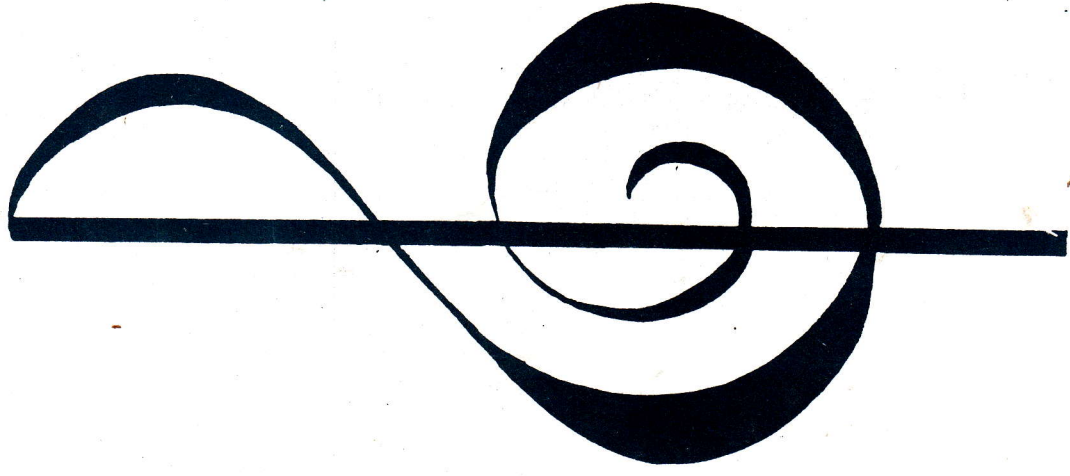
MARISA KURTZMAN

SARAH HIRSHAN

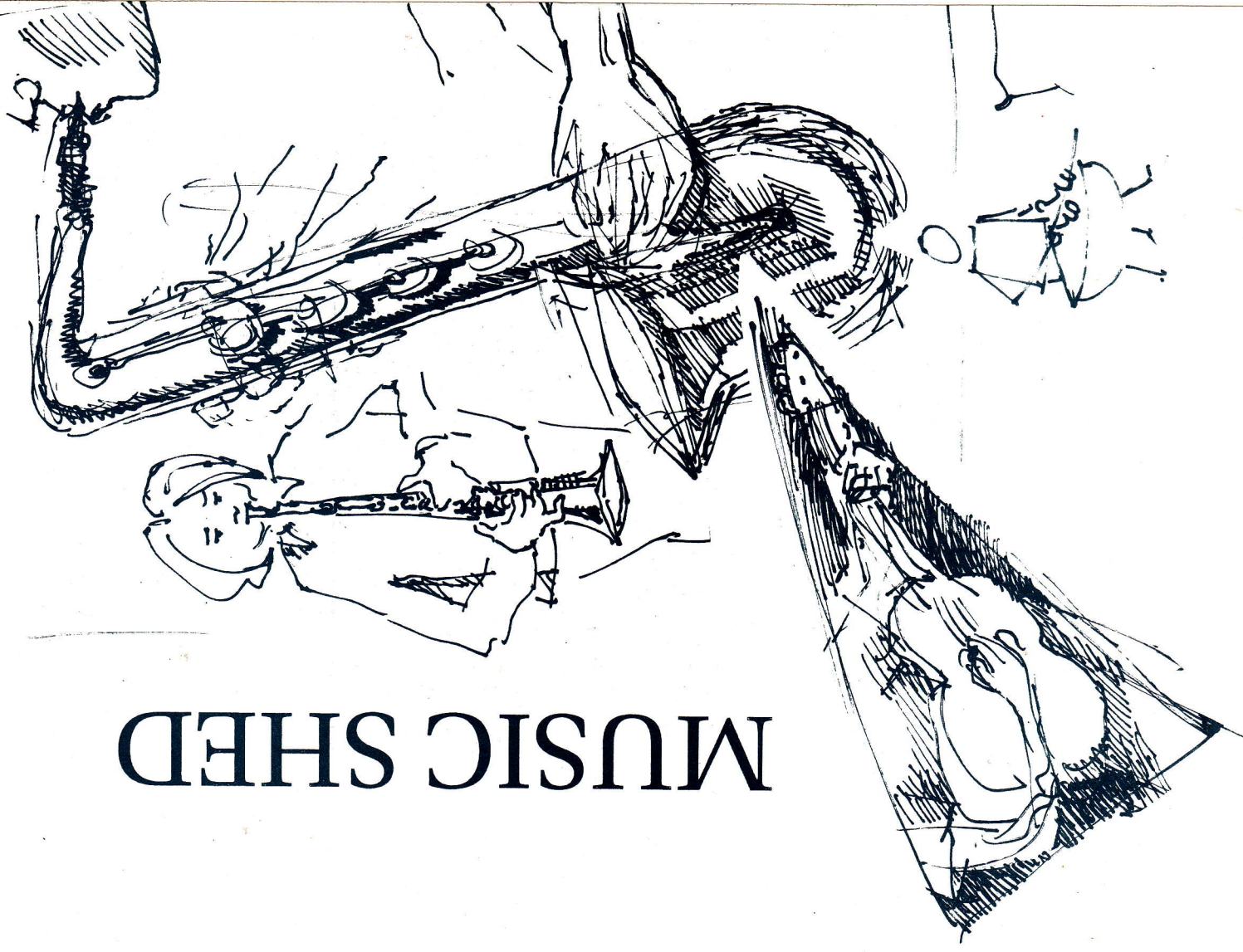
We thank the following,  
without whom  
this night would not  
be possible:

The Directors,  
Ernst Bulova,  
Christopher Lewis,  
Sandro Weiss,  
Bob Dicke,  
and the rest  
of the Pub Shop

Staff Recital, July 11, 1953



# MUSIC SHED



**BUCK'S ROCK CAMP**  
New Milford, Connecticut 06776

# WELCOME TO THE MUSIC SHED STAFF RECITAL 1993

We cordially welcome you to an exciting night of concertizing by the staff of the Buck's Rock Music Shed 1993. We will perform music of all idioms and styles. It is our hope that you thoroughly enjoy listening to this exciting night of music as much as we enjoy performing for you. Please remember that standing ovations and thunderous applause are always appreciated as is your attention during the performances. We hope that during the evening we will perform the music which you enjoy most. So, sit back, relax, and enjoy the peaceful serenity of listening to great music at the Buck's Rock Music Shed.

We thank the following without whom this  
night is not possible:

The directors, Ernst Bulova, Christopher Lewis,  
Sandro Weiss, Bob Dicke, and the rest of the Pub  
Shop.

## THE MUSIC SHED STAFF 1993

JAY HASSAN  
TED MASUR  
ERICA BLUMBERG  
MAIRI DORMAN  
DONNA WISSINGER  
DAN SEIDEN  
MIKE JAMES  
ZACHERY BURD  
MITCH WECHLER  
STEVE ALFORD  
CHARLES D. BAYNE  
MISSY WEBB  
ANNA BARTOS  
SARA EGAN  
IVAN RUBENSTEIN-GILLIS  
MARTIN LENEHAN  
EMMA ROBERTS

## CIT'S

NORA HARRIS  
LILLI KALISH  
ALLEGRA BARTKO  
COLIN SCHLEIFER  
CHARLOTTE VUARNESON

nel

ppella

ra Bartko

ni Bernstein

Bonderman

ey Paul Bobrick

a Brown

elle Dreilinger

Gillam

na Goldfinger

Gould

Hirsch

a Horwitz

James

Kalish

n Lewis

el Lieber

an Lockhart

Masur

beth Nickrenz

Oransky

ne Malia Reinhart

Schapiro

d Tuchmann

lotte Vuarnesson

F

a Brown

osen

an Lockhart

Ross

"Guitar" Haicken

ra Bartko

beth Nickrenz

sa Fleegler

Kalish

a Horwitz

ar

Price

Chase

"Andy Casey

"Guitar" Haicken

Gitter

Rothausen

a Brown

Flaccus (vocals)

Stef

ie O

Mike Copeland

Juliet Ross

Mike Roth

Gabe "The Animal" Saporta

Dave Ostow

Dan Salomon

C.C. Gallagher

Dave Hanlon

Eric Yudin

Zoe Levy

Dave Kraft

Colin Schliefer

Mike Ajerman

Jennifer Rosen

Jessica Dee (vocals)

Brett Kizner

"Sneaky" Pete Goode

Jazz Band

Drums

Ariel Nelson

Dave Tuchmann

Zack Burd

Bass

David Rothausen

Jeremy Burd

Piano

Charlotte Vuarnesson

Mike James

Ariane Reinhart

Alto Saxophone

Allegra Bartko

Dan Blake

Caitlin Moon

Tenor Saxophone

David Fishkin

Jay Hassan

Bari Saxophone

Steve Alford

Trumpets

Ariella Bar-Nissan

Marisa Escobar

Ari Perlstein

Mitch Wechsler

Trombones

Charles D. Bayne

Jeff Samuels

# Guitar, Jazz & A Cappella

A u g u s t 1 2 t h , 1 9 9 3

## MUSIC SHED



Buck's Rock Camp

59 Buck's Rock Road, New Milford, Conn. 06776



# Buck's Rock Music Shed

## Concert

August 12, 1993

### A Cappella

Directed by Erika Blumberg

- My Girl.....Smokey Robinson, arr. Alan Billingsley
- Yes Sir, That's My Baby.....Guskahn and Walter Donaldson, arr. Val Hicks
- You Can't Hurry Love.....Holland, Dozier, and Holland, arr. E. Blumberg
- Helplessly Hoping.....Stephen Stills, arr. E. Blumberg
- She Moved through the Fair.....Trad. Irish, arr. Daryl Runswick
- Over Oceans.....Tanya Brown and Siobhan Lockhart
- 29 Ways.....Willie Dixon, arr. E. Blumberg
- Don't Let Your Heart (soloist Gina Hirsch).....Longworth, arr. E. Blumberg
- Spread Love.....(soloist Ariane Reinhart)
- Love the One You're With.....Stephen Stills
- Heaven.....

Printed by Ian Jackson. Design and Illustration by Christopher Smith.

## FMLF

Directed by Erika Blumberg and Ioan Rubenstein-Gill

Testimony.....Fer  
San Francisco Bay Blues.....

### Guitar Spectacle

An undulating mass of guitars, basses, and voices  
directed by Dan Seiden

- Wish You Were Here.....Pink Floc
- Live and Let Die.....McCartir
- Same Old Song and Dance.....Aerosm
- Psycho Killer.....Talking Hea
- Bad Moon Rising.....Creedence Clearwater Revi
- Friend of the Devil.....Grateful De
- Hard to Handle.....Black Crow

### Jazz Band

Directed by Ted Masur

- Summertime.....Gersh
- Ariane Reinhart, vocal solo
- David Fishkin, tenor sax
- Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.....Zawmul, Jos
- Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me.....arr. Carroll Decar
- God Bless the Child.....Ellingto
- Arthur Herzog, Jr. and Billy Holiday
- arr. J. Now
- arr. J. Now
- It Had to be You.....Isham Jon
- I Got You (I Feel Good).....James Brov
- Guest Vocalist: Ed Budd
- arr. Frank Mantoo

Special Thanks to The Directors, Ernst, and the Pub Shop.

RA  
DAVE HANLON  
LOIST DAVE HANLON

STLES MADE OF SAND

JIMI HENDRIX

LOISTS MATT "GUITAR" HAICKEN, DAVE ROTHUSER

KE FIVE

BRUBECK

LOIST ERIC YUDIN

UDENTS OF DAN SEIDEN

Special Thanks to The Diectors, Ernst,  
Bob Dicke and The Pub Shop.

Printed by Bob Dicke and Ian Jackson.  
Illustration and Design by Christopher Smith



**Buck's Rock Camp**

59 Buck's Rock Road, New Milford, Ct. 06776

# MUSIC SHED

A u g u s t

C a m p e r

13th, 1993



## welcome to the august camper recital

ONCE UPON A DREAM  
BY WILDHO & BRICUSSE  
SOLOIST LILI KALISH

IT'D DO ANYTHING (OLIVER)  
BY BART & FRIEDMAN  
SOLISTS SHARON LEVINE HAL FRIEDMAN

YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME (SOUTH PACIFIC)  
BY ROGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN  
SOLOIST HAL FRIEDMAN

SOVRA IL CAMPO  
BY GAETANO DONIZETTI

FAR FROM THE ONE I LOVE (FIDDLER ON THE ROOF)  
BY JULES STYNE  
SOLOIST ELIZABETH NICKRENZ

STUDENTS OF ANNA BARTOS

---

VIOLIN CONCERTO NO.1 IN A MINOR 1ST. MOVEMENT  
BY J.S. BACH  
SOLOIST DAN COHEN

ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE  
BROTHER, COULD YOU SPARE A DIME?  
SOLOIST MICHI COLACICCO

TRIO IN C MINOR 2ND MOVEMENT  
BY MENDELSSOHN  
SOLOISTS NAOMI BERNSTEIN, CAROLYN JAMES, MICHAEL JAMES

STUDENTS OF MICHAEL JAMES

---

TRY TO REMEMBER (THE FANTASTICS)  
BY JONES & SCHMIDT  
SOLOISTS AMY HERZOG, SARAH MCKEON, JENNIFER HOLMES

I FEEL THE EARTH MOVE  
BY CAROLE KING

SOLOISTS ERICA NEWMAN, ALEXIS GREER, TORY MACK, SARAH MCKEON, JENNIFER HOLMES, EMILY PRAGER, AMY HERZOG, ACCOMPANIST IVAN RUBENSTEIN-GILLIS

ELI, ELI  
ZEHAVI, SENESH  
SOLIST ERICA NEWMAN WITH IVAN RUBENSTEIN-GILLIS

STUDENTS OF ANNA BARTOS

---

TWO DUETS FOR CELLO  
BY CLIERE  
SOLISTS CAROLYN JAMES, MAIRI DORMAN

SOMEBODY LOVES ME  
BY GEORGE GERSHWIN, THORPE  
SOLOISTS NAOMI BERNSTEIN, NILA DHARAN, NORA HARRIS, CAROLYN JAMES

STUDENTS OF MAIRI DORMAN

---

GOOD MORNING HEARTACHE  
BY FISHER, HIGGINBOTHAM, DRAKE  
SOLOIST SIOBHAN LOCKHART

EVERGREEN  
BY STREISAND, WILLIAMS  
SOLOIST JENNIFER ROSEN

SUN AND MOON (MISS SAIGON)  
BY SCHOENBERG, RICHARD MALTBY, JR, BOUBLIL

I FEEL PRETTY (WEST SIDE STORY)  
BY BERNSTEIN, SONDHEIM  
SOLOISTS ALLEGRA BARTKO, CHARLOTTE VUARNESON, JENNIFER ROSEN, ELIZABETH NICKRENZ, AMY HERZOG, ANNA BARTOS, ACCOMPANIST MICHAEL JAMES

STUDENTS OF ANNA BARTOS

---

SONJA SORENSSEN, VISITING ARTIST, has sung major dramatic roles and has concertized extensively in Europe, North America and the U.S.. She was winner of the American Opera Auditions, twice a winner of The Metropolitan Opera Regional Auditions, and is now co-director, with Anna Bartos, of The Enchanted Forest Opera, which presents operas and musical plays for children and young-at-heart audiences.

ANNA BARTOS has sung opera on the concert stage in the U.S., Caribbean and Latin America. She was soprano soloist at the 1991 Leningrad Musical Spring International Festival, and is currently on the vocal faculty at New York University.

Duo Esperanto, Ms. Sorensen & Ms. Bartos have collaborated on numerous projects including The American Women Artists Project (NEA), Maja! and Dival musical-theatre pieces, and, with the Enchanted Forest Opera, are Artists-in-Residence for the New York Foundation for the Arts.

Cover Illustration: Christopher Smith.

Design: Christopher Smith

Printed by Ian Jackson

REPLICATION  
1993  
SHOP

BUCK'S ROCK CAMP

59 Buck's Rock Road, New Milford, Ct. 06776



# Duo Esperanto

Anna Bartos, Soprano

Sonja Sorensen, Mezzo-Soprano

August 15th, 1993

# Duo Esperanto

Anna Bartos, Soprano  
Sonja Sorensen, Mezzo-Soprano  
Michael James, Piano

Assisting Artists: Mairi Dorman,  
Cello; Donna Wissinger, Flute;  
Mitchell Wechsler, Trumpet

Sunday, August 15, 1993  
7:00 P.M.

## PROGRAM:

### SOUND THE TRUMPET

HENRY PURCELL

(1659-1695)

Arr. Benjamin Britten

O LOVELY PEACE  
from Judas Maccabeus

GEORG F. HANDEL

(1685-1759)

ICH FOLGE DIR  
I shall follow you.  
from Eginhard

GEORG P. TELEMANN

(1681-1769)

I'll follow you to the ends of the earth —  
in happiness and sadness — until death.  
From the South Pole to the North, if you  
are near me, even pain is bearable.

### LANDLICHES LIED

ROBERT SCHUMANN

(1810-1856)

Country Song  
Op. 29, No. 1

When the first Primrose bloomed at the  
brook, the cherry blossoms nodded and  
the moon smiled and had fun watching.  
Then crabby Jack Frost came and the  
birds sang. Fireflies lit the path  
of those leaving the dance; and when  
the young lad kissed his girl tenderly  
and whispered sweet nothings in her ear -  
they both thought, "How happy is May!  
How merry and blessed is Maytime!"

### MAIGLOCKCHEN UND

DIE BLUMELEIN

Little Maybells and Little Flowers

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

(1809-1874)

Maybells rang so bright and clear,  
"Come to the dance, darling flowers!"  
The moon smiled and had fun watching.  
Maybells played no more. All the flowers  
were gone! But as soon as he left,  
the Maybells rang out again! The little  
flowers go to dance, and I am going too!

### LA NUIT

The Night

Op. 11, No. 1

ERNEST CHAUSS

(1855-1899)

We bless the sweet night, whose fresh  
kiss frees us. Beneath the sails we live  
silently, without worries, intoxicated by  
the air's perfume. Pale dream that God  
pursues, rest yourself, close your book.  
Up in the white sky, like a hoarfrost, a  
fleet of stars shivers. We bless the  
sweet night!

### SULL'ARIA

(from the Marriage of Figaro)

W. A. MOZART

(1756-1791)

A letter to Romeo: When the breeze is  
gently blowing, and evening shadows  
fall; in the grove where pines are growing....  
and the rest he will recall!

### SANTA LUCIA

GAETANO BRUNETTI

(1829-1891)

See how touching is the full moon!  
The sea is laughing, and the air is  
serene. How smoothly the boat moves  
through the water.

fin



# MUSIC SHED

US'd 2 capel 1 capel adrigg AND

FRIEDMAN  
BREY PAUL BOBRICK  
MASUR  
IA HORWITZ  
EGRA BARTKO  
HEL LEIBSTER  
A  
E FRIED  
YA GOULD  
HANIE OBODDA  
NIELLE DREILINGER  
IFER ROSEN  
SORANSKY  
NYA BROWN  
ACAN  
GILLAM  
GUERITE DUNBAR  
ARLOTTE VJARNESON  
E FROMER  
RCIE SILVER  
A HARRIS  
S KENISBERG  
KALISH  
MI BERNSTEIN  
DARA JANOVSKY  
JANE MALIA REINHART  
ANNA GOLDFINGER  
RHAN LOCKHART  
E SCHAPIRA  
H HIRSHAN  
A HIRSCH  
ENA SILVER  
OLYN JAMES  
ZABETH NICKRENZ  
HAEL JAMES  
ID TUCHMAN  
ICA DEE

SAXOPHONES  
ALLEGRA BARTKO  
DAN BLAKE  
CATLIN MOON  
DAVID FISHKIN  
STEVE ALFORD  
JAY HASSAN

TRUMPETS  
ARIELLA BAR-NISSIM  
MARISA ESCOLAR  
ARI LAZIER  
MITCH WECHSLER

TROMBONES  
JEFF SAMUELS  
CHARLES BAYNE

PIANO  
CHARLOTTE VJARNESON  
MIKE JAMES  
ARIANE REINHART

BASS  
DAVID ROTHAUER  
JEREMY BURD

DRUMS  
ARIEL NELSON  
DAVE TUCHMAN  
ZACK BURD

Special thanks to The Directors and Ernst.

Illustration and design by Christopher Smith  
Printed by Bob Dicke and Ian Jackson

ILLUSTRATION  
BY  
CHRISTOPHER  
SMITH  
SHOR

BUCK'S ROCK CAMP  
9 BUCK'S ROCK ROAD, NEW MILFORD, CT.06776

# WELCOME TO THE MUSIC SHELL CONCERT

## AUG. 16, 1993

### ORCHESTRA

OVERTURE TO THE BALLET DON JUAN  
BY CHRISTOPH GLUCK  
CONDUCTED BY JAY HASSAN

SUITE FOR STRINGS IN OLDEN STYLE FROM HOLBERG'S TIME  
MOVEMENT #2 SARABANDE  
BY GREG

CONDUCTED BY MICHAEL JAMES

### THREE SONGS

1-RING  
2-LOVERS

3-THE WISH  
BY FREDERIC CHOPIN  
CONDUCTED BY JAY HASSAN

SELECTIONS FROM E.T.

BY JOHN WILLIAMS  
CONDUCTED BY JAY HASSAN

### CHORUS

AIN'T GOT TIME TO DIE  
TRAD. SPIRITUAL, ARR. MICHAEL LITZMAN

LACRYMOSA, FROM THE REQUIEM  
BY W. A. MOZART

CORNER OF THE SKY  
BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ, ARR. JOHN CACAVAS

CHORUS CONDUCTED BY ERIKA BLUMBERG

### STRING QUARTET

ADAGIO FOR STRINGS  
BY SAMUEL BARBER

PERFORMED BY NAOMI BERNSTEIN, NILA DHARAN, MIKE KAPLAN, ISABEL GRIMSHAW,  
NORA HARRIS, CAROLYN JAMES,  
LISA RABINOWITZ, JEREMY BURD

CONDUCTED BY MAIRI DORMAN

### A CAPELLA CHOIR

SPREAD LOVE  
BY MERVYN WARREN, CLAUDE MCKNIGHT, MARK KNIBBLE  
SOLOIST ARIANE REINHART

HEAVEN  
SOLOISTS ARIANE REINHART, ALLEGRA BARTKO, LILI KALISH,  
NAOMI BERNSTEIN, TANYA BROWN

YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE  
BY HOLLAND, DOZIER, HOLLAND ARR. ERIKA BLUMBERG

MY GIRL  
BY SMOKEY ROBINSON + RONALD WHITE ARR. ALAN BILLINGSLEY

CONDUCTED BY ERIKA BLUMBERG

### STRING QUARTET

SOMEBODY LOVES ME  
BY GEORGE GERSHWIN  
PERFORMED BY NAOMI BERNSTEIN, NILA DHARAN, NORA HARRIS,  
CAROLYN JAMES

CONDUCTED BY MAIRI DORMAN

### MADRIGAL CHOIR

LEFT THINE EYES  
FROM ELIJAH  
BY MENDELSSOHN

CONDUCTED BY ERIKA BLUMBERG

### JAZZ BAND

BLUE MONK  
BY THELONIOUS MONK

MERCY, MERCY, MERCY  
JOE ZAWANUL, ARR. CARROLL DECAMP  
DO NOTHIN' TIL YOU HERE FROM ME  
BY DUKE ELLINGTON ARR. JERRY NOWAK

IT HAD TO BE YOU  
BY ISHAM JONES

CONDUCTED BY TED MASUR

### PERSONNEL

#### ORCHESTRA

##### VIOLINS

DAN COHEN  
MIKE KAPLAN  
NAOMI BERNSTEIN  
EMMA ROBERTS

VIOLA  
NORA HARRIS

##### CELLO

OLIVER SISSMAN  
CAROLYN JAMES  
MELISSA FLEEGLER  
JASON KLAUBER  
ALEXANDRA LYNN  
MAIRI DORMAN

BASS  
JEREMY BURD

PIANO  
MIKE JAMES

CLARINET  
LAURA GERSHMAN

#### OBOE

ALLISON GLASER

##### FLUTE

BARBARA JANOVSKY  
JEN ROSEN  
LIZ KETCH  
TED MASUR

##### SAX

DAN BLAKE  
STEVE ALFORD

##### BASSOON

ALAN COX

##### TRUMPET

MARISA ESCOLAR  
ARI LAZIER  
MITCH WECHSLER

##### TROMBONE

JEFF SAMUELS  
CHARLES BAYNE

##### PERCUSSION

ZACHARY BURD

### Special Thanks to:

All the beautiful dancers, Ernst, the ever helpful, loving, intelligent pub, Dan Greenfeld, Jonathan Singer, the Kitchen, Silkscreen esp. Luke and Sergey, LSD esp. Karen, Eff, and Rich, the Costume Shop esp. Nafisa and Phillipa, the P.A., Shane - who we miss, Ron Danzig, the Directors, maintenance for moving benches, and Beau.

Poster Design - Sergey Chernogorodsky  
Lighting Designer - F. Todd Allen  
Assistant Lighting Designer - Josh Leitner  
Production Manager - Neeva S. Byrd  
Program Design - Shelly Wynecoop  
Stage Manager - Neeva S. Byrd  
Light Board Operator - Neeva S. Byrd  
Sound Operator - F. Todd Allen  
Stage Assistant - Kristin Naccari



COMMUNICATION  
1993  
SHOP

# Flying the Trees

(Dragon Flies and Darning Needles)

BUCK'S ROCK • NEW MILFORD CT • 06776

Informance '93 • Thursday 22nd and Friday 23rd at 8:30 pm

# Flying the Trees

## (Dragon Flies and Darning Needles)

---

### Misplaced Modifiers

---

Choreographer: Neeya S. Byrd  
Music: Brian Eno  
Dancers: Barbara Janovsky, Emily Prager, Emily Price,  
Kerrith Solomon

---

### Prey Your Gods

---

Choreographer: Meghan Short  
Music: Toad the Wet Sprocket  
Dancer: Meghan Short

---

### My Face is Tired...

---

Choreographer: Kristin Naccari  
Music: The Creatures, U2, and Brian Eno  
Dancers: Rachel Brown, Simone Chess,  
Nicole Duprée, Amanda Hudes,  
Danielle Langer

---

### Natural Woman

---

Choreographer: Suzanne Feigelson  
Music: Aretha Franklin  
Dancer: Suzanne Feigelson

---

### Blueberry Soup

---

Choreographers: Meredith Krantz and Julia Ragen  
Music: Golan Levin  
Dancers: Malina Brown, Amanda Diamondstein,  
Katherine Parsons, Jenny Shoukimas

**\*\* Intermission \*\***

---

## M.O.M. (Mothers On Missions)

---

Choreographer: Neeya S. Byrd  
Music: Lynn Stanford and David Howard,  
Dr. Calculus, and Golan Levin  
Dancers: Malina Brown, Simone Chess,  
Nicole Dupree, Meredith Krantz,  
Emily Prager, Maggie Thom

---

### The Jellicle Ball

---

Choreographer: Kerrith Solomon  
Music: The Jellicle Ball from Cats  
Dancer: Kerrith Solomon

---

### Flying the Trees

---

Structured improvisation by: F. Todd Allen  
Music: Stevie Ray Vaughn, Mozart, Diva  
Dancers: Suzanne Feigelson, Lori Feldstein,  
Carly Fogel, Molly Kleiman,  
Meredith Krantz, Rebecca Menashe,  
Julia Ragen, Juliet Ross

---

### Running After the Rain

---

Choreographers: Barbara Janovsky, Juliet Ross  
Music: Tori Amos  
Dancers: Rachel Brown, Simone Chess,  
Emily Price, Kerrith Solomon

---

### Cyclic Overture

---

Choreographer: Kristin Naccari  
Music: Bernard Herrmann  
Dancers: Rebecca Menashe, Julia Ragen, Juliet Ross,  
Jenny Shoukimas, Maggie Thom

---

### Robotic Terminal

---

Choreographer: F. Todd Allen  
Music: React 2 Rhythm  
Dancers: Amanda Diamondstein, Suzanne Feigelson,  
Barbara Janovsky, Gwen Kelly,  
Carli Klinghoffer, Meredith Krantz,  
Danielle Langer, Julia Ragen, Meghan S

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 8:30 PM**

**special thanks to:**

the hardworking dancers, LSD esp. Karen, Rich, Eff and Nafisa  
being such a beautiful, sweet, and helpful person, the Costume  
op, James Duprée and Tamara, the dependable pub, Beau, the  
men, and everyone else who supported us and helped us prepare  
his concert.

Lighting Designer: F. Todd Allen  
Lighting Technician: Jeremy Getz  
Stage Manager: Neeya S. Byrd  
Light Board Operator: F. Todd Allen  
Sound Board Operator: Adam Segal  
Production Manager: Neeya S. Byrd  
Program Design: Shelly Wynecoop  
Program and Poster Artwork: Tamara DeSilva  
Poster Design: Sergey Chernogorodsky  
Stage Assistant: Kristin Naccari  
Printed by: Ian Jackson

COMMUNICATION  
1993  
SHOP



**THE CRACK OF DUSK**  
(A REALLY DRAMATIC TITLE)

**CK'S ROCK • NEW MILFORD CT • 06776**

# THE CRACK OF DUSK

(A REALLY DRAMATIC TITLE)

## • a little bit of sky and water •

Choreography: Kristin Naccari  
Music: Dead Can Dance  
Dancers: Emily Prager, Emily Price, Flora Slater,  
Lila Slovak

## • too near the edge •

*For Steve, Chris, Jen, and Woody*  
Choreography: Ariane Malia Reinhart  
Text: Tori Amos  
Music: U2 and Tori Amos  
Dancer: Ariane Malia Reinhart

## • the funky divas •

Choreography: Neeya S. Byrd  
Music: En Vogue  
Dancers: Janine Duprée, Allison Glazer,  
Francesca Jenkins, Carli Klinghoffer,  
and Carla Sterling

## • interruptions, changes, continuations •

Choreography: Meredith Krantz  
Music: Naked Lunch  
Dancers: Meredith Krantz, Amanda Lipitz,  
Emily Prager

## • better than daisies •

Choreography: Julia Ragen  
Music: Erik Satie and Brian Chatton  
Dancers: Janine Duprée and Julia Ragen

## • drudges dream •

Choreography: F. Todd Allen  
Music: John Zorn  
Dancers: Michelle Frankel, Rain Katz,  
Natalie Prager, Lila Slovak

## • INTERMISSION •

### • it doesn't matter •

Choreography: F. Todd Allen  
Text: F. Todd Allen  
Dancers: Gabrielle Mitchel-Marell,  
Anna Shneiderman, Caroline Smith

### • on deep and earnest feelings •

Choreography: Kristin Naccari  
Music: Cliff Martinez  
Dancers: Meredith Krantz, Julia Ragen,  
Carla Sterling

### • do i light? •

Choreography: Anna Shneiderman  
Text: Anna Shneiderman  
Dancer: Anna Shneiderman

### • all i see is RED •

Choreography: Neeya S. Byrd  
Music: Bach's Suite #5 for Cello  
Musician: Mairi Dorman  
Dancers: Francesca Jenkins, Emily Prager,  
Flora Slater, Lila Slovak, and Carla Sterling

### • the crack of dusk •

*Improvisation structured by F. Todd Allen and Kristin Naccari*  
Music: Vladimir Cosma and The Cure  
Dancers: Lauren Ficalora, Melissa Flegler,  
Sarah Moon, Emily Prager, Julia Ragen,  
Anna Shneiderman, and Rachel Spiller

### • it's a guy "thang" •

Choreography: Neeya S. Byrd  
Music: Stevie Ray Vaughan and ZZ Top  
Dancers: Rain Katz, Meredith Krantz,  
Amanda Lipitz, Corrie Schankler

*Cup a' Joe* is a slightly obscure title for a largely bizarre and not necessarily chronological (or logical at all) or accurate look at entertainment in the 20th century. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the saga of Gerald and Margaret (or Maggie, or Meg) through the ages, as boy meets girl again, and again, and again.....

**The Clown Shop is:** Erica Babad, Sam Hack, Martina Peter, Emily Salzfass, Jodi Sherman, Shana Hack, Charles Ledley, David Iserson CIT, D'Arcy Harrison CIT, David Fishkin CIT, Marc Zeltzer CIT, and Mike Copeland, Counselor in Training.

**Set Construction is:** Rich Dunham and Michael Venning  
**Lighting Design and Operation is:** Adam Segal, Alan Cox, Dave Kraft, Karen Wood

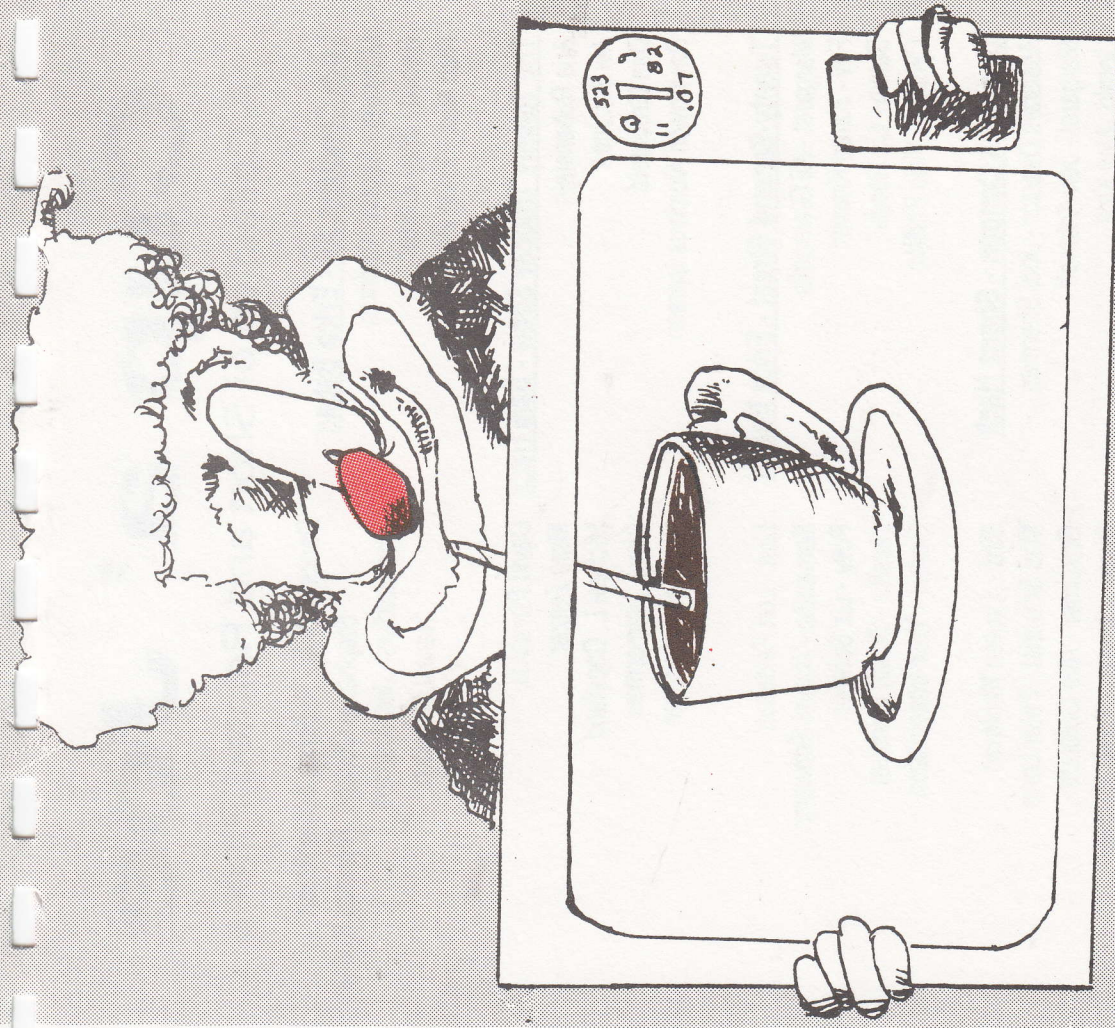
**Sound Operation is:** Adam Berson, Eff Henriquez, Catherine Willding

**Special Thanks to:** The Cast of the Scottish King Play, Rose Bonczek, The Kitchen, Chris Dické, The Video Men, The Costume Shop, the Painting Studio, Jeff Turner, Steve Ansell, Jesse Bonderman, Armando Jujubee, Woody Allen, Nad Grebnehtor, Fred, Ed and Marilyn, Stan and Marlene, Claire, Luke and Silkscreen, Pub, our nuclear families, Mel Blanc, Chuck Jones, Bill Clinton and Socks, Gabe, Spalding Grey, Wood, Sam and Maintenance, BHD, Tim, Humphrey Bogart, people who never get to bow, roommates, and, of course, "and, of course, Ernst". Love love love.

REPLICATION  
 1993  
 SHOP

**BUCK'S ROCK CAMP**

Buck's Rock Road, New Milford, Ct. 06776



CUP A JOE

BUCK'S ROCK CLOWNS  
 TUESDAY, JULY 20 1993



# Cup a' Joe

## A Collection of Short and Related Pieces

### Love Conquers All - Erica Babad

Margaret - Lauren Kaufman  
Gerald - Joey Zeltzer  
Rich Man - Philip Haspel

Dancing Girls - Rebecca Schienkman  
Stephanie Obodda, Amanda Hudes  
Sign Holders - Jen Antonoff,  
Naomi Schwartz

### The Tommy Trooper Show - Sam Hack

Arie Rubenstein  
Avi Salzman  
Dan Greenfeld  
Davidovich Aloicious Iserson

David Physkin  
Marc Zeltzer  
Michael L. Copeland  
Alexa Zimmerman  
Sarah Handelsman

### Twenty-Second Street - Erica Babad

Margaret - Ali Gramaglia  
Fay - Karen Kramer  
Beisie - Liz Reeds  
Cynthia - Vicki Phillips

Lisa - Lori Feldstein  
Samantha - Naomi Schwartz  
Polly - Liz Scheier  
Jessica - Sarah Levithan  
Gerald - Your Imagination

### Uddoc - A Cartoon - Shana Hack

Assistant Director - Jodi Sherman  
Margaret - Jen Antonoff  
Gerald - Alex Kroll  
Uncle Mortimer - John Levy  
Cat - Marc Zeltzer

Bird - Lauren Kaufman  
Mad Scientist - Peter Lorre  
Gossimer - Abe Goldfarb  
Bugsy - Jordana Turek-Herman  
Rocky - Diana Metrick  
Special Effects Mime - Naomi Schwartz

### Twin Maltese Cranes - Emily Salzfass

Maggie Abramowitz - D'Arcy Harrison  
Gerald Bigg - Mike Gitter  
Paper Crane Mystery Person - John Levy  
Purple X - Michael L. Copeland  
Rings of Air - Karen Kramer  
Bob (Krazy Vin) Dole -  
Branch Davidian Iserson

Trixie - Liz Scheier  
Buffet - Jordana Turek-Herman  
Boom Boom LaTour - Vicki Phillips  
Frank Abramowitz - David Fishkin  
James O'Malley - David Katz  
Jim MacDonald - Philip Haspel

### The Forces of E-Ville - Jodi Sherman

Assistant Director - D'Arcy Harrison, CIT  
Margaret - D'Arcy Harrison  
Gerald - Avi Salzman  
Ivana Noscar - Cara Hirsch  
Two-Headed Monster -  
Allison Glazer, Amanda Hudes

Reporters - Jen Antonoff, Naomi Schwa  
Captain Hook - Sarah Handelsman  
Dracula - Joey Zeltzer  
The Landlord - Dan Greenfeld  
Darth Vader - Marc Zeltzer  
The Devil - Arie Rubenstein  
The Blob - Itself

### Star Trek on Rye - Marc Zeltzer &

#### D'Arcy Harrison, CIT's

Captain Kirk - Michael Copeland  
Mr. Spock - Michael Gitter  
Sulu - David Fishkin  
Uhura - Diana Metrick  
Bones - John Levy

Ominous Voice - David Iserson  
Big Gerald - Avi Salzman  
Queen Maggie - Alexa Zimmerman  
Aliens - Robin Miller, Allison Glazer  
Lori Feldstein  
The Extra - Joey Zeltzer  
Spotty - Abe Goldfarb

### The Children's Hour Presents: The

#### Frog Princess - Martina Peter

Maggie the Frog - Sarah Handelsman  
Prince Gerald - Ben Chase  
Queen A.A.A.A. - Cara Hirsch

King John III - Philip Haspel  
Grandma - Ali Gramaglia  
Royal Shrink - Abe Goldfarb  
Jester - Arie Rubenstein  
Royal Painter - Rebecca Schienkman  
Lady-in-waiting - Liz Reeds

### Sit Com - David Iserson & Michael L.

#### Copeland, CIT's

Billy - David Katz  
Tommy - John Levy  
Brad - Dan Greenfeld

Katie - Lauren Kaufman  
Susie - Jordana Turek-Herman  
Maggie - Vicki Phillips  
Gerald - Dave Iserson  
Dad - Michael L. Copeland  
Mom - D'Arcy Harrison

Ubiquitous Waitress - Emily Weinstein

### The Kitchen Synch - Charlie Ledley & Emily Salzfass

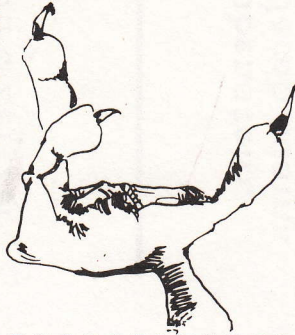
Creative Consultant - Jodi Sherman  
Assistant Director - Mike Copeland, CIT  
**FULL CAST, THIS IS THE FINALE!**

# Wonderland

The Clowns'  
Interpretation  
of Carroll's

"Ahlis un Wonedurland"  
August 18  
1993

EXPOSED



PUBLICATIONS  
1993  
SHOP

# WONDERLAND EXPOSED

a clown interpretation of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass by Lewis Carroll, directed by Erica Babad, Sam Hack, Martina Peter, Emily Salzfas, Jodi Sherman and Shana Hack, with assistance from Charlie Ledley and the CIT's: D'Ave Iserson, M'ike Copeland, D'Ave Fishkin, Darcy Harrison and M'Arc Zeltzer.

## Dramatis Personae

Alice - Becky Drysdale  
Rabbit Espionage Unit - Arie Rubenstein,  
Marc Zeltzer, Dara Lipton & Jacob Adams  
Tweedles - Joey (my hair is bigger than me)  
Zeltzer & Marc Mayer  
Cheshire Cat/Dinah - David Iserson  
White Knight - Michael L. Copeland  
Red Queen of Hearts - Cara Hirsch  
Red King - Noah Lipton  
White Queen/Alice's Sister - D'Arcy H'Arrison  
Knave of Hearts - Jason Klein  
Duchess - Liz Reeds  
Frog Footman/Trumpeter - Dan Greenfeld  
Fish Footman/Mouse - Sarah Handelsman  
Dodo - Ali Gramaglia  
Lory - Elizabeth Nickrenz  
Crab - Ben Chase  
Mad Hatter - Dave Fishkin  
March Hare - Mike Gitter  
Dormouse/Hedgehog - Lauren Kaufman  
Caterpillar - Cara Hirsch, Ben Chase,  
Nicole Klein, Samantha Crane  
Bill the Lizard - John Levy

Bottle/Cake - Abe Goldfarb  
Gardeners - Samantha Crane, Diana Metrick,  
Ben Chase  
Flowers - Allison Kranich, Samantha Sloane,  
Laura Gershman, Nina Steinberg,  
Rebecca Scheinkman  
Flamingos - Vicki Phillips, Nicole Klein  
Jabberwock Puppeteers - David Hanlon

## Technicalis Personae

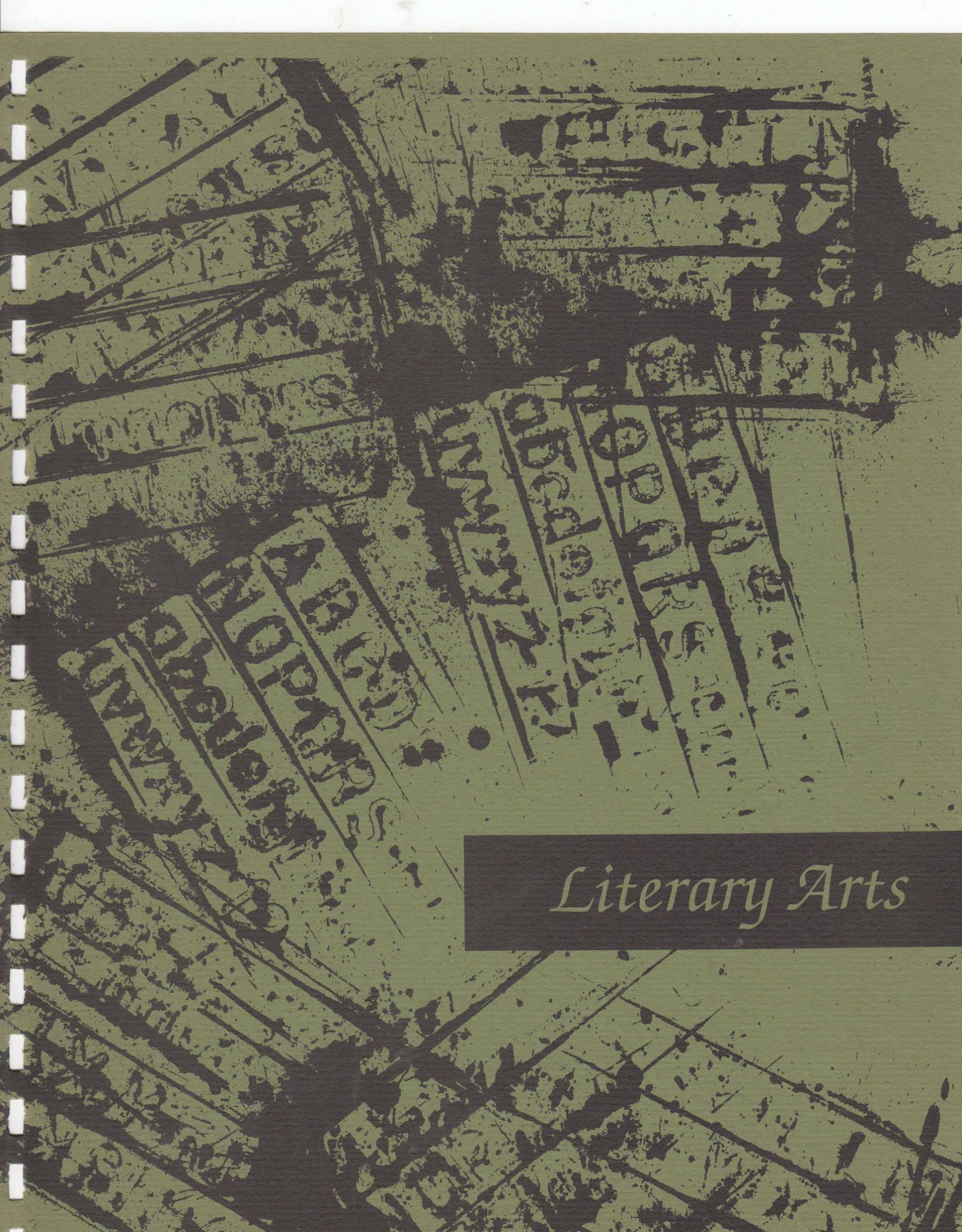
Lighting - Adam Segal  
Some Sound Guy, and some more techies

## Propis Personae

The Cast  
GHU  
Leila Nesson's hats  
Jaki Silver  
Michael Yousha

## Wonderfulis Personae Miscellaneous

Seth Dinnerman, Sewing, Catherine, "Veggi Garden Woman" Noble, Jonathan Singer, Caroline, Sam & Maintenance, Shelly, Ian, Pub, Video, Rose Bonczek, Jesse "Saviour Bonderman, The Kitchen, Sports - for the chair, all the clowns who came before, Si John Tenniel, the Office and Back Office staff including the directors, Silkscreen; the Nurse Max Bean, Tim, all the artists whose music was used, and the importance of being Ernst.



*Literary Arts*



# Ya Old Pub Shop

## *An Allegorical Tale*

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, there was a typin', clatterin' castle. Although not much to look at, it was surrounded by beautiful chairs and a not-so-fabulous, but deeply beloved, olive green hammock. It held an unusual amount of twisted, creative, rockin', publication-type royals and a misplaced man with a camera who emerged from the darkroom every so often to say, "I have no idea." They periodically dispersed booklets of great wit and wisdom to the joyful residents of their kingdom. At any time of the day, the highest echelons of intellect to be found were in the Royal Garden, writin' odes, discussin' the proclamations of the day, and listenin' to tapes that have been played too many times.

This lovely domain was ruled by fair, large King Yabob, whose Staten Island words were always ya law. His castle consisted of three wings. The writing coterie was headed by good Queen Sandro whose endless repertoire of sardonic wit and g'schnorfs made him (her?) the heir apparent. The lovely Not-Quite-A-Lady Laura lost her lumps but not her sense of humor while serving as informal Court Shrink(wrapper) and fending off Danielle's too-perceptive rhymes. Even less of a Lady, Mika DeRooster was infamously associated with the strife-ridden July Musical Rebellion, finally settled only after a frightening joust with Ian (ya snake).

The two ladies and the Queen periodically disappeared into the Royal Woods to ob-

serve a strange ten-minute religious ritual. Their faithful companion, Duke Adam, was a former member of the Court Court, and was well-versed in the legalities of running the kingdom. These four bards were constantly amused by Court Jester Eva, Wearer of the Baggy Pants, and the most phat and phly of them all!

Occupying a cramped corner of the Great Hall, ya had ya court artists. Computer Oracle Shelly actually did leave the castle occasionally, at which point all the Royal Hard Drives croaked from misuse. Sir Chris, Knight of the Ex-acto and Rollerblades, drew up all the Royal Proclamations while saying, "I be not thy leade syngyr of thine band, Spinne Doktorres!" In charge of the dark, cramped Torture-Chamber, where he put both pictures and errant editors on the rack, was James the Whippersnapper.

The Royal Posse of Printers was subdued by King Yabob, still a printer himself. Stuart the Serf, slave to the offsets and meade, mooded when things got difficult. Ian the Court Par amour purply Conversed with the lovely lasses and wooed when things got difficult with his "come-to-bed eyes."

Lady-in-Perpetual-Waiting, Danielle,



wiled away the hours, conferring with ya flowers, dreaming of a preferably older (or younger?) gallant knight. She made sure her image as the smartass lass of the kingdom stayed intact, shielding her true mushball interior with snide humor and music by the B-52's. Court Bard Kate Trenkle, having spent much of her youth swimming in the forbidden Nuclear Magic Waters, gave off a strange, photogenic glow that brought her much attention (and woe). She amused the court with humorous tales of adventure from her travels through distant kingdoms, and had a natural predilection for iambs. Jennifer Charlie Berson, the Royal Astrologer, gazed from the Observatory at not only the stars but also the kingdom, smiling with a pri-

ivate, mysterious, contagious pleasure. From the observatory she couldn't help but notice that the moon was actually a Big Piece of Cheese (and we all know that Big Cheese is everything in a kingdom). Susan Tiedemann, Royal Portrait Painter, and Flipper, her dolphin sidekick, were in charge of bordering all Royal Proclamations with colorful illustrations of barnyard animals. Often thought to be the long-lost Brontë sister, she sought escape from her oppressive summer reading list.

The Court was completed by the numerous Royal Underlings, who could be found squeezed into any and all available spaces between the Tables of the Light and Painful Pressing Devices. The fair Royal Masseuse, Bess, also helped by combing locks, scribing wills, and running to the

Royal Drudgedom for Court Coffee. She remained sweet and uncorrupted by the ways of the Court. Royal Brett livened up the darkroom of the Realm with his sorcerous talents of PMTing. Lili, Songstress of the Empire, ran in and out looking for Court Copy and led many of the ladies and underlings in trying to drown out the Dynne with joyful a capella serenades. Adam,

Mousebearer, prettied up the Royal Dummy when not blowing glass at a neighboring castle. The Knave of Hearts, Leo, almost got in quite a scratch for stealing Queen Sandro's tarty dresses. S/he was going to cut off Leo's head ("off wit ya head!") but decided instead to relegate him to the deserted, over-

grown Photo Castle, far removed from civilization where he now does his/her bidding all through the night. Mango Mia the Goode Computer Fairie (one of the oracle's vestal virgins), was sentenced to serve the Royal Macintoshes until an unidentified Prince bravely broached the castle walls to free her forever. Stuart the Serf's one and only laborer, Darrell the Dependent, bided his time until he could, being the next in line to the Press, inherit Stu's massive metallic burden. Darrell's impish grin and loose-fittin' clothes were at the cutting edge of court style. Court Teddy-Bear Jen Ballin gave hugs and backrubs to us all (we miss you!). Court Cheerleader Jen Rosen, with a song in her heart and her lungs, brought joy to all the Royal Gatherings. Similarly, Kate Schapira, in charge



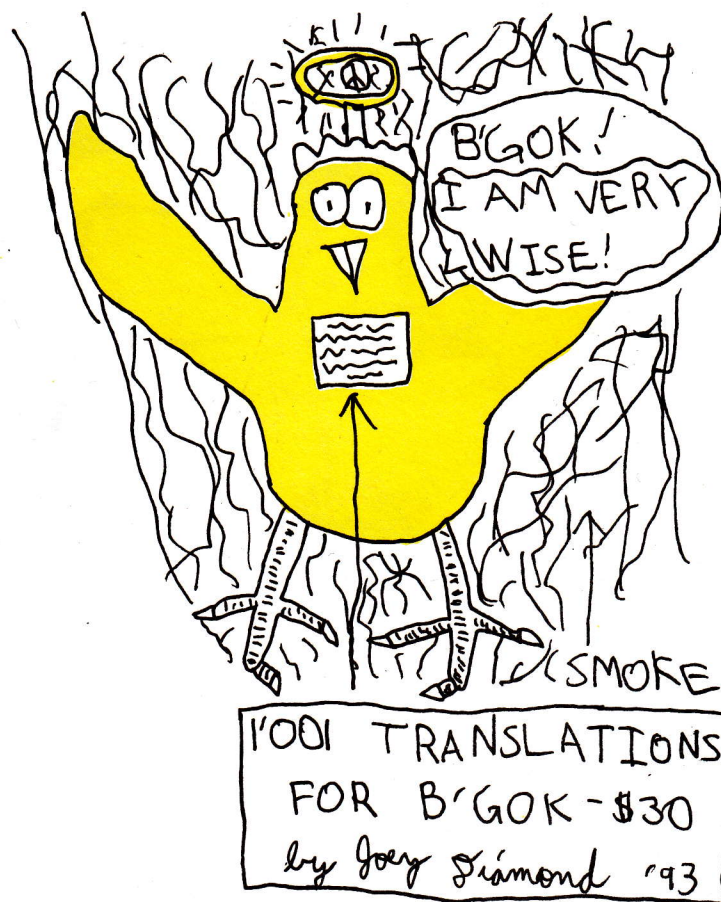
of Court Morale, but equally renowned as a budding philosopher, lightened our spirits and our burden when the grinding work was too much to bear. And then there was Page Mike Kaplan, the bespectacled artiste who takes one sexy hammock photo! Royal Sweetheart Dan Greenfeld was summoned by the lovely lasses to capture them for posterity in the mystical aforementioned hammock, amidst embarrassed giggles and extreme blushing. And finally, Abby of the Rainbow Hair spent most of her time roaming the kingdom for memorable images and occasionally stealing Plumbs from the Royal Orchard.

All was well in Pub until one day, an evil monster besieged the castle. They called the monster Allegory, because none of the Royal Pabbies were all too sure exactly what it was. King Yabob, never fazed by impending disaster, yelled commandingly, "35 runs a day will appease ya beast!" Queen Sandro retorted, "But first we must needs scribe the Court Copy— but now, get me a g'schnorf!" Shelly then added, in an oracular tone, "May the heavens rain blue pencils and silver Ex-actos upon our blessed home." ("Ow," replied Susan.)

A fortnight passed, as time knows no limits, and it seemed as if the wildebeast might prevail. Chaos reigned ("I thought Yabob did," said Darrell) and a dark shadow was cast around the castle like a moat. It seemed like hope was

gone (and so was Stuart's hair). The royals labored, and labored—their hours long, their sleep abridged, their coffee far too weak to give them the jolt necessary to win the Allegorical War.

But suddenly, there was a glittery puff of smoke and a wise chicken entered the kingdom. The small, feathery creature said to the Pabbies,



"B'Gok," which means in translation, "You will survive." "But how?" asked the Pabbies, thinking of Gloria Gaynor. "B'Gok," said the chicken in reply, which in translation means, "Cluck thrice daily if thou wisheth to slay the Allegory." And thus the Pabbies gathered. They clucked. They clucked again. Upon the third cluck, lightning snapped, thunder crackled, and Stuart popped. Slowly, the shadow upon Pub Castle began to disintegrate. The presses once again cranked, as did

the laser printer, as did the Pabbies. It seemed as if Allegory had finally become more concrete; what had once been such a massive task had splintered into millions of shrink-wrapped piles.

"Thank Goddess!" said Shelly.

"Hmmm," said Chris.

"Ya got ya book," said Yabob.

The Pabbies had learned a valuable lesson! We only wish we could find it; it got lost on the Final Copy Disk...

# The End





# *Was It Something I Said*

or maybe  
something i didn't say  
that made you turn from me  
your eyes  
a hundred years old

something i left out  
with only a vaporous  
hinting  
a whisper of

distrust

or

snide rumor

*did i play it too innocent?*  
*what did you suspect?*

what did you read  
into my voice

maybe my own suspicion  
sneaking through my head  
left behind?

whatever it was i didn't say  
you flinched back  
as if struck

then walked away  
not speaking with words but only  
looking at me  
like i was your executioner  
those once warm brown eyes  
deep and lifeless  
as glass

Kate Schapira

# *Observer and Traveler*

1000 Gods stood before a canvas  
And pondered its  
Blank  
White  
State of Being  
(or lack thereof)  
And the beauty of its nothingness  
Like the silent eternal observer  
On a peaceful night  
Never sleeping  
Just watching the sleepers  
As the boat drifts up the Congo  
But this beauty cannot compare  
To the beauty of what could be  
And all the myriad possibilities  
The silent cannot replace  
the energy  
That fills the minds of 1000 Gods  
The beauty of the ecstatic traveler at the crossroads  
In which  
All the roads of the universe meet  
And all of them could happen  
And All  
All of them could  
Could  
Happen happen  
So one by one they stepped into the canvas  
Until 5 Gods remained  
They looked at each other  
Without word  
Or whisper  
They took each other's hands  
And drowned themselves in the canvas

And there was light

David Hanlon

# *In This Universe*

Digging through the dirt,  
The soil of my land,  
The earth of this universe.  
Invaded by the rocks and trees,  
The uncaring feet of man;  
It carries the weight of buildings  
On its back,  
Mountains on its shoulders.  
Plants cut through it  
To grow & live fulfilling lives

But the dirt seems not to matter.  
It is worthless,  
But a necessity  
To those who abuse it.  
It is full of treasures,  
We never bother to seek.  
The dirt holds our feet  
When we walk,  
But we don't see how  
This loose, brown substance spreads out  
To give us room to move.  
Or is it running away,  
Following the wind to escape?

Little by little as I dig  
I can see  
The beauty of something so ugly  
And the strength behind the  
Defenselessness.  
And the true significance of this dusty blanket  
We haven't dug through to find.  
Because in the universe,  
It is earth.

Julia Oestreich

# OVER

if i let myself remember  
i will only be drowning  
in one ocean

deep  
dark  
cold  
and boundless

after another  
totally empty  
swimming for my life  
through memories  
of you

i must erase the  
indelible imprint you left  
on my body  
and mind  
so strong  
that anything will  
call it back

the smell of crushed grass  
and of your sweat  
colors in the dark

shooting stars  
though there weren't any  
that night

and the lines  
of your  
face

just a silhouette above  
mine

all burned into my brain  
— it would be easier  
to erase the stone bones  
of a living thing no longer living

a thing that died three forevers ago -  
you are fossilized

when i kissed you i didn't dare look  
into your eyes  
if i did i knew i would fall  
through the hole in the middle of  
color, as it lets in light  
so would it let me in and i would walk  
in a world of your lost thoughts and forgotten  
ideas

too close to you i would  
be anything you wanted me  
to be

and i was too much you already  
so i closed my eyes

now  
i cannot be close to you  
in any way  
you will not let me  
and i will not let  
myself

— but it's so hard  
i was afraid to go  
inside your head  
but you will not stay out of mine

Kate Schapira

# *Remember the Future*

And all of a sudden it was quiet. There was no more yelling, no more fighting it was finally quiet. But it wasn't the kind of quiet I wanted. It was a bad quiet, the kind that lumps in your throat and makes it hard to swallow. Hard to talk, too. Maybe that's why my mother didn't say anything. Or maybe she was just shocked, shocked that he had left. Was he really gone?

I ran to the window and looked all around, but my father's car was no where to be seen. I understood what it meant, my father had told me. He had warned me that someday he was going to leave, but that it didn't mean he didn't love me. I had lots of questions; I wanted to know why he was leaving us. I wanted to know where he was going. Most of all, I wanted to know when he would come back.

Looking at my father's eyes then, I had a feeling I didn't want to hear the answers. So I played dumb, played the part of a child who asked no questions, who accepted everything told to her. Perhaps my father was disappointed with this reaction, since one thing my father wanted me to be was intelligent. He said nothing, though, and I was content to snuggle down into his arms. He suddenly turned on the television, and for a while, Mr. Spock was more important than anything else. Time passes quickly on "Star Trek" and Captain Kirk always saves his crew from disaster. Nothing ever really happens, just threats to keep up the excitement.

"Beth, get into bed. It's late," my mother spoke, yet she wasn't looking at me, not communicating with me in any other way but verbally. Her voice was flat and weary. She reminded me of the narrator on the nature show my father always watched.

"Mommy I-" I was cut off by my mother hushing me.

"To bed."

I obeyed, and slowly walked up the stairs. I flopped on my bed, and hugged my stuffed dog tightly. Laddy's face was still wet; he had been my handkerchief earlier in the evening. I tried to make the tears come again, knowing it would ease some of the tension that had been built up in my seven year old body, but I could not cry. I wasn't sure why, I just couldn't. Laddy was sad, too, so I held him close to me, trying to comfort him. But he was such a kind doggie, he told me I didn't have to. That he was fine. He would worry about me. He tucked me into bed, and assured me that he would protect me at night. My father was gone, but Laddy would continue to take care of me. Good old reliable dog, he stayed by my side the whole night, and never once went away.

The next day was Sunday, and as soon as I awoke I knew something was wrong. Where was the smell of my father's Aunt Jemima pancakes? I walked downstairs, and as soon as I saw the bowl full of oatmeal at my place, I remembered. I lost my appetite and darted up the stairs.

"Beth?" My mother's voice carried through the house and I could hear her from my room. "Honey, come down and have some breakfast."

"No!" The response was harder than I had intended, but I didn't care. I slammed the door and sat down on my bed. Laddy understood, he knew how angry I was. He told me that my father was going to come back soon, that I shouldn't worry. How I hoped that Laddy was right. I buried my face in his worn fur, and I fell asleep.

It must have been a few hours before I woke up, because sunlight was streaming in through the windows. My mother sat next to me, stroking my hair with her fingers. I sat up abruptly. I looked at her, and inquired rather rudely, "When is he coming back?"

My mother closed her eyes, perhaps praying for strength. "He's not going to come back."

And for the first time I was forced to face the truth. I didn't like it, and I had no idea how to deal with it. I motioned to my mother to leave, and she did. For a moment I lay on my bed, and all I wanted of the world then was to see my father. How I missed him! My eyes happened to focus on the clock, which read 10:30. I couldn't be wrong; this had to be the right time. I quietly crept out of bed and downstairs. I wasn't wrong! It was there, on channel 7, the same as always. I closed my eyes and let the familiar words of "Star Trek" soothe me.

*...To explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life and civilizations. To boldly go where no man has gone before...*

It was as if my father were in the room with me. I could sense his presence; I could hear his voice. *You have to be tough*, he whispered. *Now, don't worry, I'll see you soon. In the future.*

Future. I had forgotten there was such a word. In the future, in the future. I murmured the phrase over and over, wanting to remember it always.

I wanted to remember it all: the pancakes on Sundays, the talks during "Star Trek," and even all the little imperfections that made my father himself. All this made me want to see him again, and so I repeated to myself, *In the Future. Remember the future.*

Beth Kalisch

# *Midnight*

thick black silk  
and  
sapphires, with eyes so bright  
they stare back  
through the green eyelet screen  
and  
the core  
feels the way icy, numbing waters  
hurt so badly-

the snap of a bone  
the screeching laugh of a child  
intercepted by ruby eyes  
and  
goldenrod

passing judgment won't fix injustice

too strong for salt  
too weak for help  
despite how defined the muscles  
and  
how quickly the well could drought  
brine dried  
and  
left as dust tossed up to the  
crushed black velvet-

soft but not like silk.

mia ferrera wiesenthal

Slowly a tear forms,  
pulled from deep within.  
A face twisted in its fragile prism  
caught in a drop of pain.  
Intensity is like a parasite,  
drawing life and breath from a helpless body.  
Wretched host who writhes in vain,  
you struggle in a web of emotion  
with every strand a little torture lodged within your breast.  
Every strain toward freedom binds you further.  
You expend your energy for nothing.  
What vain mortal claims to draw the lines between love and hatred,  
between ecstasy and misery.  
Dashed against the rocks we lie shuddering  
waiting for the next wave to fall.

Sarah Y. Tucker

# *Avoiding Death with Cunning and Wit*

"Do you truly believe that you can skillfully cheat and outwit Doom?"

Parren Bonville, who was just about to order another tankard of ale, turned his head and looked at the man who had questioned him.

"I merely say this," he said. "If one has enough cunning and wit about him, one can continue to avoid death for a very long time."

Parren's gaze flickered down to the man's clothes. The man's attire almost made him laugh out loud. The man was dressed in a black, hooded robe. His face was concealed behind the shadows of the hood. Why on earth would anybody want to be seen like this? Parren shook his head and turned back to the bar.

"Another tankard of ale!" he shouted to the barkeep, tossing a silver coin into the air. With a well-practiced snap of his wrist, the barkeep plucked the coin from mid-air and promptly refilled Parren's tankard. Parren grabbed it and drank deeply.

The Golden Frog tavern was packed that evening. The grunts and shouts of brawling men mingling with the sounds of giggling tavern wenches could be heard from every corner of the bar. A drunken bard was attempting to play a song on his lute, but the music was lost in the ferocious noise of the place.

Parren finished his ale and was just about to ask for a refill when he felt a large hand clap him on the back.

"Ey!"

Parren twisted his head and looked up into the eyes of a large, burly ape-faced man who was obviously drunk.

"Exshellent tale you told earlier, bud," Ape-face said through a slur. His breath was aimed directly at Parren's nose. "Lemme buy ya a drink, kay?"

Parren narrowed his eyes quizzically, "Do I...?"

"Three tankards for my good ol pal 'ere!" Ape-face shouted at the barkeep, haphazardly throwing a few coins towards him. Three tankards of ale appeared on the counter in front of Parren.

"Tell me about the marshes again, eh?"

Marshes? Oh. Now he understood. This was just another person curious about one of his adventures. He had told many of them a few hours beforehand to an eager group of listeners. This man must have been one of them.

"The Marshes of Jorbur?" Parren inquired. "Are those the ones you're referring to?"

"Yep!" Ape-face exclaimed, his face lighting up. "That's the one! Tell it ta me again. Just like ya told all of us before. Ya know, the way you stormed through the marshes, sword in hand, destroying all the Bugbears and Hellhounds and monsters that got in your way while searching for the Diamond Crown of Urboir which was stolen from the king of Monurif. G'wan, tell it! Just like ya did before."

Another story seeker. Well, as long as he was buying...

"Okay. Sit down," Parren said.

Ape-face eagerly stumbled toward the stool to the left of Parren. The large, husky man sat on it, but his sense of coordination and balance was shot. He instantly slid off the small stool and collapsed to the floor, unconscious.

Parren fetched a few more silver pieces from his pocket and turned to the man sitting on his right.

"Here take these. Get him a..." he trailed off. Sitting in the seat was the hooded man.

"You seem quite popular," the hooded man said.

"Who are you?" Parren demanded.

He could almost sense the hooded man smile. "Just a visitor," he replied.

Unsettled, Parren turned towards the majority of the throng. "Will somebody get him a doctor? Take these!"

"Why don't you get one yourself, Parren Bonville?" he heard the hooded man say. The fact that Parren had not told the hooded man his name had not crossed his mind.

"Me?" Parren asked, twirling around again. "I'm sure there are plenty of people here who would do it for me."

"The man will be fine." The hooded man stated matter-of-factly, "But I must ask you again; how can you truly believe that you can avoid Death for as long as you wish?"

Parren ignored him and downed the first of the tankards.

"I am curious to know how you are able to avoid Death as many times as you have and be able to tell about it afterward."

Parren relaxed. The hooded man was probably another story seeker. An eccentric one, perhaps, but a story seeker nevertheless.

Parren turned around and smiled, "All right, then. I'll tell you one of my tales that have taken place in my life of adventuring. I think the one about the Dragonqueen of Maryous would be most fitting. Let's see... about a decade or so ago I had been invited to a luncheon with the Thane of Mareous to--"

The hooded man interrupted him with a wave of his arm. "I don't need to hear another story. I have already listened to you tell your many tales of adventure to the local riffraff with insatiable interest. Even," the man paused. "Even the ones that aren't true."

This remark had been given to Parren before; to which he had a ready response.

"Oh no. They're all true, I assure you." Parren said sincerely. "Some are pretty unbelievable, I know--"

"I listened with relish to the story of how you brushed with Doom in the Marshes of Jorbur," the hooded man interrupted. "I couldn't help but enjoy the tale of how you walked hand in hand with Death in the Tower of Krille. And when you recounted your experience of surviving the bony grasp of Doom in the Castle of the Razor Eaters, I couldn't help but be captivated. If you truly have the cunning and wit that you claim to have, why do you get so close to Death to begin with? If you've walked hand and hand with Him, you were certainly very close to Death. Where was your cunning and wit then?"

"It was my cunning and wit that got me away from Death," Parren retorted.

"You say you've walked with Death many times, but you've never actually had to face Him, have you?"

"No," Parren answered, lifting the second tankard up to his lips. "I've told you, if a man has enough cunning and wit about him, he never has to face Death."

"Do you mean yourself?" the hooded man asked.

Parren slammed the tankard down against the counter. "Yes, I do mean myself!"

"Most ordinary men would be driven almost to madness if they were to subject themselves to any of the experiences that you calmly tell of," the hooded man said.

Parren smirked, "I am no ordinary man. When you've dealt with Death as many times as I have, you tend to get used to it."

"You seem proud of that," the hooded man said.

Parren finished the second tankard with a gulp. "Of course I'm proud! I've been caught in Death's bony grasp and managed to escape, alive, again and again!"

"I'm sorry, but that little speech sounds like it's been rehearsed. I choose to believe that you are simply a braggart that has boasted once too often."

"What?!" Parren's hand went instinctively down to his sword. His arm wanted desperately to chop the man's head off. His fingers twitched in agitation. He knew better to make a scene in a place like this. He brought his arm up and grabbed the third tankard of ale instead.

"You say that with true cunning and wit, anyone can avoid Death if one wishes too. However, Death claims different people in different fashions. For example, He might walk up to a man sitting at a bar, such as yourself, and say the words 'Come with me.' Nothing more than that. 'Come with me.' And when he said it a third time you'd have to go."

Parren's eyes could not help but look into the depths of the hood. He saw two large, round, bright, yellow eyes. He found himself unable to turn away from those yellow eyes — two identical tunnels travelling endlessly down into nothing. The hooded man held out his hand. It was nothing but bone. Then Parren knew that this hooded man was no man at all.

"Come with me," Death repeated.

Under a force all its own, Parren's hand reached up and took the skeletal one of Death. Parren stood up and began walking with Him towards the center of the tavern. He managed to tear his gaze away from Death for an instant, looking back the way he came. He saw Ape-face sprawled next to the stool, grinning stupidly at nothing. Then his gaze turned sharply towards Death again.

Suddenly, a painful agony pierced his chest. He squeezed his eyes shut and he slowly sprawled to the ground...

"Hey! What's with that guy?"

"Somebody help him!"

"How much did that guy have to drink?"

"I knew something was wrong when he started talking to himself..."

He hit the floor. But instead of hurting him, it relieved him. He could feel somebody helping him to his feet. He opened his eyes and saw that it was Death.

"Hey, thanks," Parren said. "I don't know what came over me there..."

"We must go," said Death.

Death propelled him toward the door of the tavern. Parren looked back at the throng. They were all crowded around something. They were all shouting with confusion. Why? Parren didn't ponder the thought long. For some reason, it didn't seem very important.

Death led him outside. Parren found himself not on the ground, but a few feet above it. He then realized that he no longer had the heavy-set body that kept him on the ground. He felt so light, so lithe.

Death began pulling Parren upwards. "It isn't as easy as you say to avoid Doom," he said. "You claim that with true cunning and wit, any man could avoid Me as long as he would like."

They were flying higher now. Death let go of his hand, and he kept going upward, toward the stars.

"However," Death's voice sailed calmly through his ears, "you came with me easily; without even a protest to hinder us. Where's your cunning and wit now, Parren Bonville?"

Suddenly, the realization of what had happened hit him. He attempted to turn around,

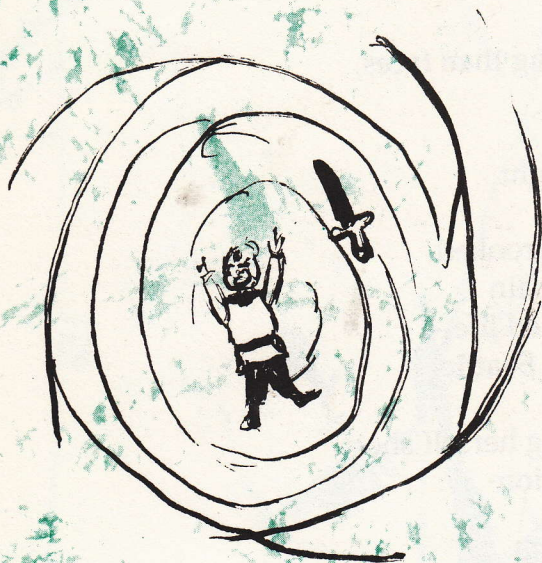
but to no avail. He could no longer see the ground.

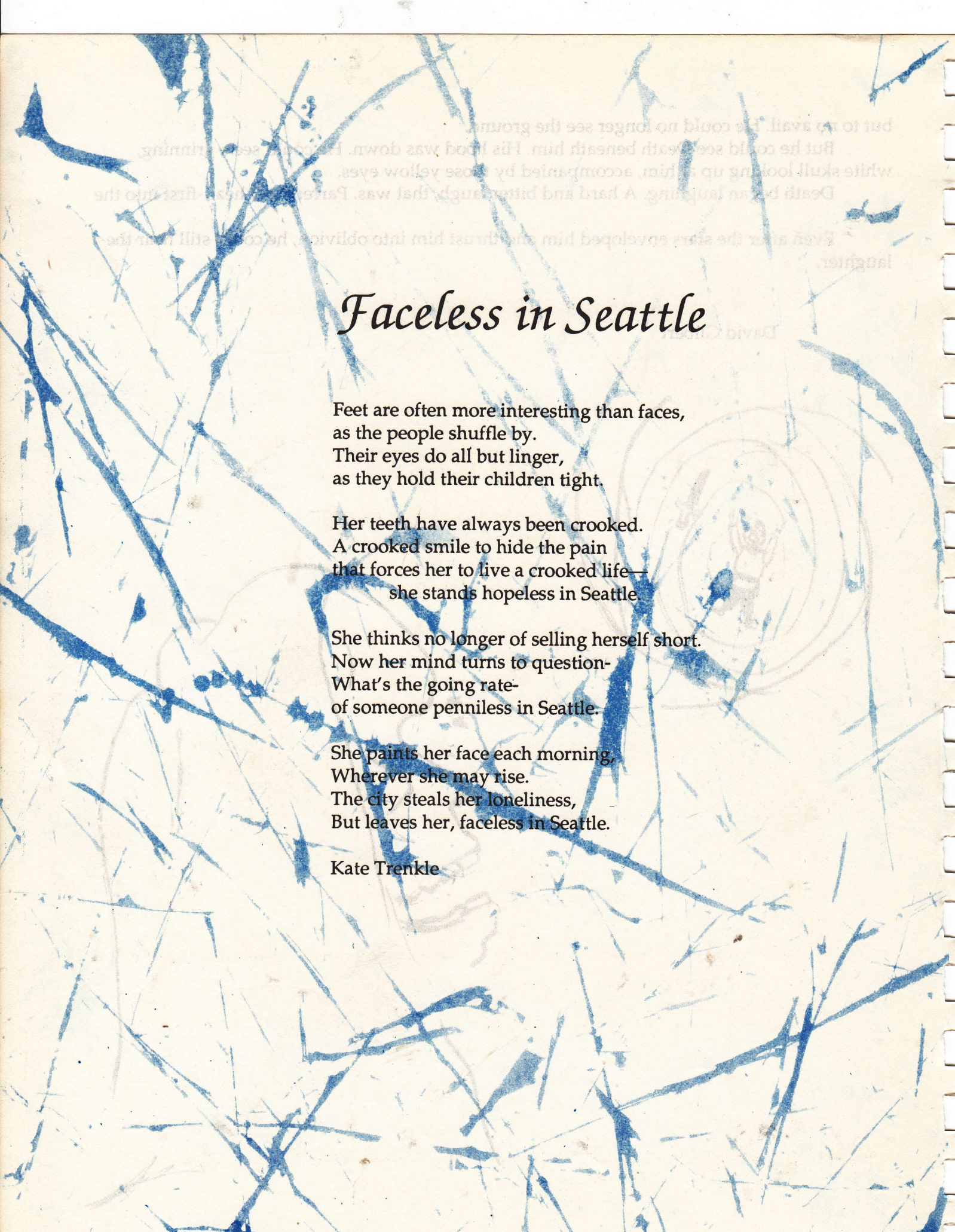
But he could see Death beneath him. His hood was down. He could see a grinning, white skull looking up at him, accompanied by those yellow eyes.

Death began laughing. A hard and bitter laugh, that was. Parren flew head-first into the stars.

Even after the stars enveloped him and thrust him into oblivion, he could still hear the laughter.

David Gilbert



The background of the page is covered in a dense, chaotic pattern of blue ink splatters and streaks, resembling a marbled paper or a watercolor wash. The splatters vary in size and intensity, creating a textured, artistic backdrop for the text.

## *Faceless in Seattle*

Feet are often more interesting than faces,  
as the people shuffle by.  
Their eyes do all but linger,  
as they hold their children tight.

Her teeth have always been crooked.  
A crooked smile to hide the pain  
that forces her to live a crooked life—  
she stands hopeless in Seattle.

She thinks no longer of selling herself short.  
Now her mind turns to question—  
What's the going rate—  
of someone penniless in Seattle.

She paints her face each morning,  
Wherever she may rise.  
The city steals her loneliness,  
But leaves her, faceless in Seattle.

Kate Trenkle



---

Drawing by Michiko Colacicco



---

Print by Peter Goode

# *The Worries Of The Water*

I am awake now  
looking into the blue-gray water  
trying to see underneath the surface.  
Hints of green show every so often.  
But nothing is very clear.  
I try to touch the water  
and a chill runs up my spine.

I'm still curious.  
I know there is something in that water  
I have not yet seen or known.  
I jump in and now the once cold water has warmed to me.  
I swim with great joy, feeling safe underneath the current.  
The water takes me over and I go with it.  
I trust it, I love it...

Suddenly a wave crashes down on me  
and the water gets rough.  
I get a chill  
for the sea is cold once again.  
I see another end of the water,  
a cruel shallow end.  
I hate it!  
In a way though, I was rescued  
because the water was deep over my head.  
I think I am drowning  
and I'm asleep now...  
under the worries of the water.

Sarah Kaufman

# Observations

## *Peach Fuzz*

I could tell by looking at the roots of his hair that it would have been curly had he not kept it cropped so short. He didn't have a crewcut or anything that drastic, simply short hair with the basic consistency of a Brillo pad.

His head rested on my thigh which now itched like when I wear that wool fisherman's sweater my grandmother knitted for me last October; the kind of irritation you enjoy because you want to enjoy it, despite its unpleasant nature.

My fingertips barely glided over his scalp as I imagined a couple of months worth of golden silky locks. A few missed haircuts wouldn't put Sal (his barber) out of business. Banana curls would be nice. Big fat banana curls slipped through my fingers as he lay there and slumber rolled into his eyes.

Soft peach fuzz covered his chin and the divit between his nose and his upper lip. He had long lashes, too, which were blond and almost translucent in the sun. Finely combed blond eyebrows, not a single strand out of place, rested between his blue tinted lids and his smooth forehead. His cheeks seemed incubated as a reddish glow emanated from them, and his pale lips almost faded into his skin. They were without cracks and only broke at a tiny seam as air filtered into and out of his lungs. He exhaled warm breath into the cool night air, leaving a puff under his nose. With each chest compression, steamy droplets condensed on my fingers.

With the head of a young boy in my lap, I zipped up my gray hooded sweatshirt and sat on the concrete with Orion standing guard, both of us watching the moon change positions. The stench of wet leaves filled the air and the boy with the long, blond, silky banana curls slept.

## *California Seedless*

Morgan tossed grapes up into the air and gracefully caught them with a toss of her head, a curl of her tender tongue, and a snap of her jaw. This all occurred by moonlight, of course, in a playground where the lamps had burnt out long before this time and rigormortis had set in on the rusted chains of the navy plastic swings which shrilled as they swayed in the wind.

The grapes were that perfect translucent green color, ripe to the touch, sweet, and California seedless though you couldn't tell because moonbeams failed to hit them. They sat in a silver aluminum bowl scratched with use and practically jumped each time Morgan placed her swift, slender, piano playing fingers into the bowl to pluck one out for the stunt.

She tilted her head back in a carefree manner and her jaw dropped open gently as gravity took charge. Each grape seemed to be pulled to her mouth like a bee to a perfumed flower and her teeth tightly clamped together to surround it, ferociously in contrast to her usual delicate air. A smile tangoed on her cheeks even when a grape of its own mischievous-

ness lightly brushed her lips and fell to the pavement. Still she paraded around tipsy on her feet, cackling, almost.

## *Brown Bag Lunch*

Every day as people crowded the courtyard for lunch he went immediately to his bench. It was a wooden bench encircling the tree that now stood in a strange, lopsided manner, having been forced to adapt to the tree's growth. He sat alone and pulled out his paper bag with a tuna fish sandwich, no crusts, an apple, and a fruit punch juice box, all chilled and wrapped in tin foil. He unwrapped each item meticulously, making sure not to rip any piece.

He was the kind of person who always ate apples right down to the core; green, red, delicious, Macintosh, he never left a shred of fruit. And at home with his fine china, he always licked his plate down to the bare pattern of lavender lilies and baby's breath.

Once he finished unwrapping his meal he would take each piece of aluminum foil, flatten it until it was creaseless between his fingers and the palm of his hand, and carefully slide it into his briefcase among the yellow legal pads and manila folders.

After this task was complete he would begin eating. He always ate his food in the same order. First he took two bites of the sandwich, a sip of the drink, and then a bite of the apple. He repeated this process over and over until it had its own rhythm. His chewing teeth and churning stomach all followed the beat. Sometimes the routine got so intense his lungs missed a step and he had to gasp for breath waiting for them to catch up.

Following this order the sandwich was always the first to go. Next the straw of the juice box made that slurping noise indicating that it too had run out. Finally he was left alone with the apple on the bench; yet he maintained the rhythm, and eating it became a meditation. He breathed deeply between each invigorating bite, his eyes roving around, drinking in the surrounding scene. As soon as he could taste the bitterness of the core, he threw the apple into the brown paper bag along with the rest of the remains. He slowly arose from his seat, bag in one hand, briefcase in the other, walked over to the wire trash can, dropped the bag, and walked away.

## *Blind Flamingo*

Every morning, I pass the girl in the hall on my way to third period English. Today she was wearing a skin tight Brady Bunch striped shirt and green clogs. She might not have clashed as much had she been wearing those black ones she has. Maybe orange would have matched better. It's not quite my style anyhow.

She doesn't listen, her ears blocked by hairsprayed curls and those cheesy plastic dangling earrings. She refuses to look, her eyes barricaded by purple eyeshadow and clumpy black mascara. She stands in her corner, always in her corner. Her right foot remains planted smack in the middle of the brown and white square tiles, her left foot perched on the green plaster walls, like a flamingo with only a hint of fluorescent pink in her fat plastic ring. A fake paper smile covers her snake tongue. She doesn't move from her spot as a cloud forms around her. They talk about meaningless topics, platform shoes, for example. They form a wall, their

backs to the masses. But her face alone sears through the barrier. A face which can with difficulty be warmed to resemble a smile but otherwise remains cold, dark, and unpliant. A mask of tar.

As I walk down the hall in my most obviously non-designer apparel, I fail to notice the steel toe of an anonymous member of the group aimed to cross my path. I trip and the wind whistles by as I fall forward, the distinct sounds of laughter, whispers, and pointed fingers close in following. My entire face fits within the perimeter of a single white tile, one square foot in area. Lifting my head from the sea of red before me, I make direct eye contact with the girl for the first time in my life. Our eyes meet in a powerful lock, and I can feel my baby blues tear from the heat. She gazes at me for most positively a full minute before cracking a blinding grin. Then she spits.

Jennifer Berson



# *Imagination*

A huge tornado lifted up my house into the sky.  
I thought, "Oh no! This is the end! I'm really gonna die!"  
The twister vanished suddenly, as it had appeared.  
I realized that this day was turning out to be quite weird.

My house then started plummeting, heading for the ground!  
I closed my eyes and wished that I could be safe and sound.  
The house then landed, with a sploosh, in a giant lake.  
I swam to shore, arriving just in time for an earthquake.

Suddenly, beneath me, the ground split open wide.  
If not for something holding me, I surely would have died.  
A beam had shined around me, holding me in place.  
Looking up I saw a U.F.O. from outer space.

The beam then started pulling me toward the U.F.O.  
But then for some odd reason, the aliens let me go.  
I started out for home; now, I thought that I was free.  
I was, until a great big dragon started flying at me.

I dodged the dragon, and he started getting quite upset.  
However, at that moment, he was knocked down by a jet.  
The dragon now was occupied, so I got away.  
That is why I did not hand my homework in today.

Mike Kaplan

## *Distant Star*

I lay my head on a tuft of leaves, as the world topples upon me, the dark night sky my enemy, its blanket slowly descending upon my pillow. My body is fastened to the ground, my heart all afloat, its pounding rhythm hard upon my breast. Each beat pulls me a step closer to her. The trees' long shadows loom above me while the damp cold earth chills my ailing body. My heart, still jaded by the world's frozen grasp, beats fainter as the night progresses. Again the looming shadows overwhelm my small body; their human-like reflections clutch at me, succeed at pulling her away. As morning descends, the night no longer dark and strong, its sweet smell again reminds me of her. No longer a shadow, she joins me. Around me small violets release their pungent aura, becoming her, and the sky shines like her scintillating blue eyes, glistening in the daylight. Though her body a distant star, she surrounds me as if to shield me from the world.

Adam Brin



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Print by Oriana Fox



Drawing by Doree Nissenblatt Drawing by Doree Nissenblatt

# *Full Circle*

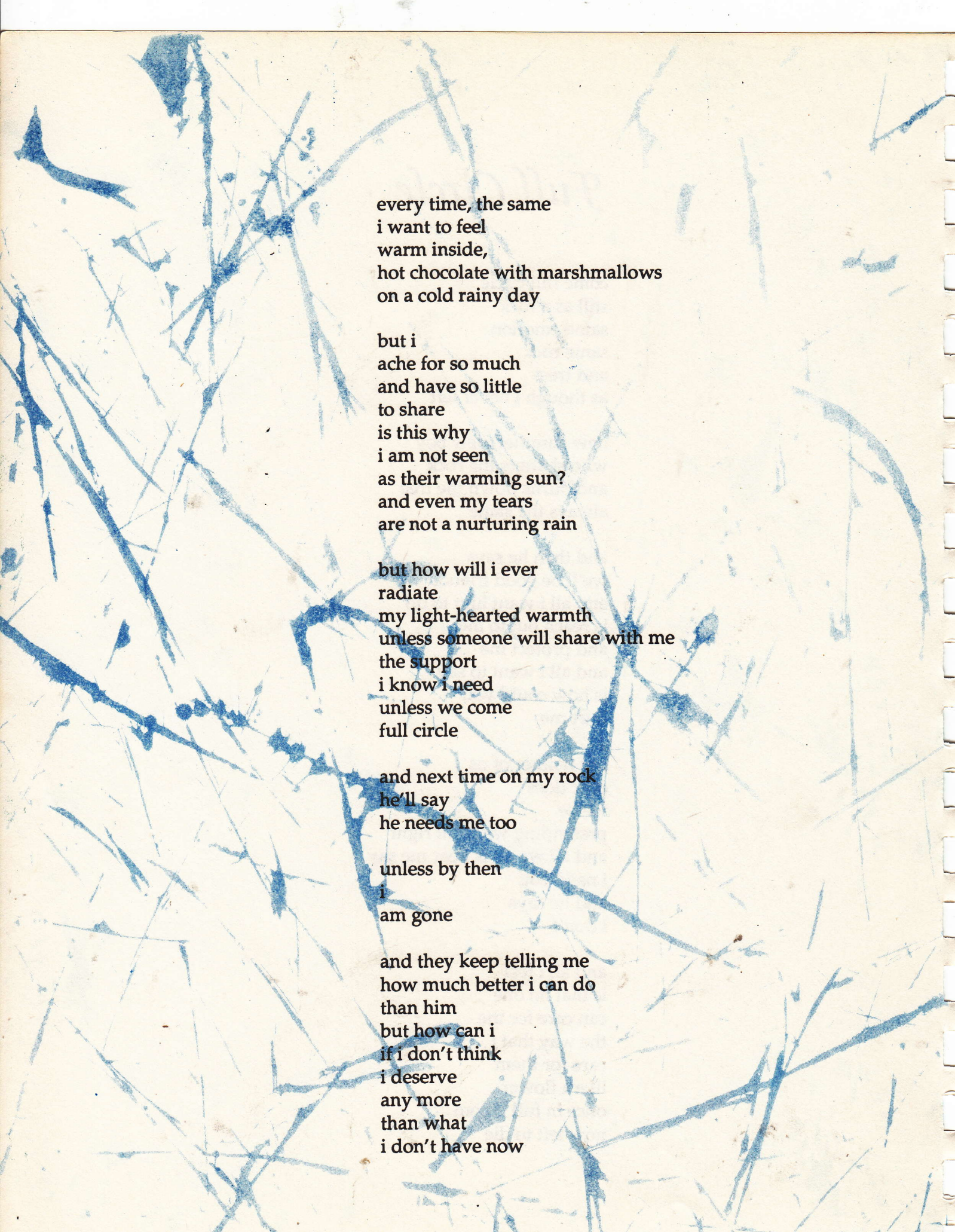
come full circle  
still as a rock  
same emotion  
same rock  
and trees  
as though i never left

new summer, new boy  
who shatters the rock  
and burns down the tree  
always the same

and then he says  
we'll be good friends  
and all i want him to do  
is reach out to me  
and protect me  
and all i want to say  
is how could you  
hurt me

but neither of us  
ever does  
we lie  
pretending we're all right  
and all we do is hear me say  
i need you  
and he says  
i don't

and all i feel  
is that no one  
can care for me  
the way that i  
care for them  
like a flower  
once in full bloom  
now left to die



every time, the same  
i want to feel  
warm inside,  
hot chocolate with marshmallows  
on a cold rainy day

but i  
ache for so much  
and have so little  
to share  
is this why  
i am not seen  
as their warming sun?  
and even my tears  
are not a nurturing rain

but how will i ever  
radiate  
my light-hearted warmth  
unless someone will share with me  
the support  
i know i need  
unless we come  
full circle

and next time on my rock  
he'll say  
he needs me too

unless by then  
i  
am gone

and they keep telling me  
how much better i can do  
than him  
but how can i  
if i don't think  
i deserve  
any more  
than what  
i don't have now

and last summer  
and this summer  
next summer  
again  
i  
lose out  
feel so hurt  
and tired  
i wish that he  
cared  
about me more  
than i do

Juliet Ross



# Petra

"From the makers of the 'Ouija Board,' comes the all new 'Petra Doll!' Let's go see what is happening with Betty and her new Petra," screamed the annoying announcer.

"Oh, Petra, I like you better than all my Barbies put together! I wish that I threw them out many moons ago!" stated Betty.

"If you don't like your Barbies I'll kill 'em, all of 'em! I kill all the dolls that you don't like!" exclaimed Petra, in a high-pitched, shrill voice.

"I'd like that," replied Betty innocently.

(To those readers who are mentally challenged this was just a commercial and we are going into real life now.)

"Maaahhh" shouted Bernadette, "I want the new Petra Doll, real bad!"

"No," replied her mother.

"Please, please, please, pretty, pretty please with sugar and a cherry on top!" screamed Bernadette.

Finally, after much yelling and arguing, Bernadette's mother, Hiltonry, finally gave in. That afternoon Bernadette and Hiltonry went shopping at Q-Mart. They found the Petra and bought it for forty-four American dollars.

It was not until after they got home that they realized that forty-four dollars was all they had (since they were a small, one income, minimum-wage-earning family). Bernadette, not caring about her financial status, opened up the silver box that the Petra doll was encased in, not reading the sign on the box that stated, "Warning: The new Petra doll will try to do whatever she can to help solve a problem. She can do a lot because she has infinite knowledge."

Then, as any child would, she played with Petra for five minutes before getting bored and dropping Petra on the floor of the kitchen. The Petra doll lay there all through the afternoon and into the night.

At about 8:00, after Bernadette had gone to sleep, Hiltonry and her husband, Svendle, were talking about their poor financial status at the kitchen table. Little did they realize that the mystical Petra Doll was lying on the floor of the kitchen. They spoke about Svendle's rich and ruthless father, Olander, who was a widower, and how he wasn't going to leave anything to Svendle when he died. They also talked about how they needed money desperately, because Svendle didn't get that much money as a camp counselor in the summer and a teacher in the spring, fall, and winter. Petra heard all this and decided to take action.

The next day Bernadette didn't even notice that Petra was missing. The fact of the matter was that at 7:00 a.m., Petra had walked out of the door and went to the bank that had Olander's will in it. Since she had magical powers, she twinkled her fingers and mystically changed Olander's will, so now the will left everything to Svendle. Now Petra took drastic action. She went to Olander's mansion in Bel-Air, where Olander was staying for the day before he took his monthly excursion to Hawaii, and found him resting in his conservatory. Next, Petra again twinkled her fingers and stopped Olanders heart. Then she went back to Bernadette's house. The time was now 2:47.

The next day, when Svendle found out about his father's death, he didn't really care, but he thought that going to his father's funeral would be the right thing to do. The day after

the funeral, when Olander's will was read, Svendle inherited his father's seventy million dollar fortune, in addition to all his mansions, cars, yachts— you name it, Svendle got it. The next day Svendle, Hiltonry and Bernadette packed all their possessions into six boxes and moved to the mansion in Bel-Air. Bernadette packed all her Barbies; however, she forgot to pack her Petra, and all neglected Petra Dolls get REVENGE!

Allen Loeb and Aaron Gershman



# *Lightkeeper*

holding the sun in her two hands  
her smile spreads like a blanket

the glow comes from  
a place in her no one can see  
and shines  
a beacon

through her eyes

she brightens black spaces  
taking the dark to her  
and doing so  
makes it less for you  
and greater  
for herself

what does the lightkeeper do  
in her own dark times?

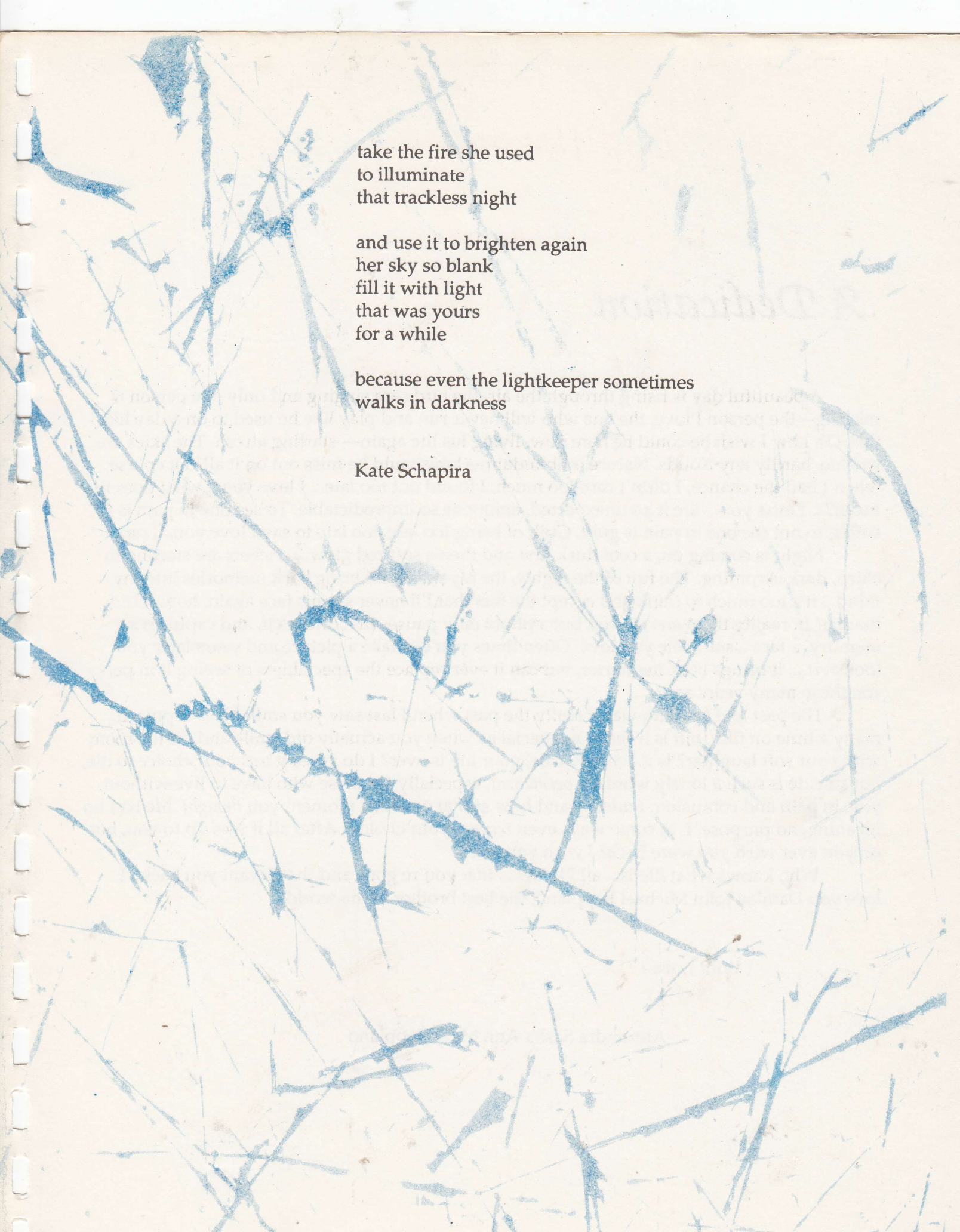
with sun there is always shadow  
and under the smile who knows  
what storms of her own  
she is weathering?

there must sometimes be empty  
moonless  
starless nights  
the only sound  
the splash  
of her own tears

the lightkeeper  
cares for us all,  
know it  
or not  
this is a giving  
beyond giving

when you have passed through your own blackness

of neglect or emotions at war  
but not alone

The background of the page is a light cream color, heavily textured with numerous thin, dark blue ink scratches and splatters. These marks are scattered across the entire surface, creating a sense of movement and spontaneity. Some marks are long and straight, while others are more chaotic and blotchy. The overall effect is reminiscent of a piece of paper that has been handled or perhaps a canvas for abstract art.

take the fire she used  
to illuminate  
that trackless night

and use it to brighten again  
her sky so blank  
fill it with light  
that was yours  
for a while

because even the lightkeeper sometimes  
walks in darkness

Kate Schapira

# *A Dedication*

A beautiful day is rising through the air, the birds are singing and only one person is missing—the person I love, the one who will never run and play like he used to on a day like this. Oh how I wish he could be here now, living his life again— starting afresh. The skies are so blue, hardly any clouds. Nature is abundant— how could he miss out on it all? Of course, when I had the chance, I didn't care too much; I found out too late... I love you... what does it mean?... I miss you... life is so unexpected, emotions so unpredictable. To see one in pain is to suffer, to not see one in pain is guilt. Guilt of being too late, too late to say I love you...*I care.*

Night is coming on, a cool dusk first and then a soft red glow... crickets are starting to chirp, dark is coming. The fun of the nights, the mysteries, all bring back memories into my mind... it's too much to think and accept the fact that I'll never see his face again, how could that be? In reality there *are* photos, but a photo only pauses life, catches it, and captures a memory, a face... someone you love. Often times you can take a picture and years later you look at it..., it brings back memories, but can it ever replace the specialness of seeing it in person those many years ago?

The past and present, was it really the past when I last saw you smile? It is captured many a time on film, but is it really as special as when you actually did smile and fill the room with your soft laughter? Is it actually true, your life is over? I do agree it *was* your choice to die, but suicide is such a lonely word, so *permanent*, especially for those who have to live without you, in pain and confusion. I understand how at that one fatal moment you *thought* life had no meaning, no purpose. I in some ways even *respect* your choice. After all it was up to you, but do you ever wish you were back? *I wish you were.*

Who knows what life is... all I know is that you're gone and that I want you back...I love you Damien John Michael Foppiano, the best brother in the world.

( With Love )

Alexandra Sasha Ann Mary Foppiano

## *From Me To You*

Through all the hardships, I still loved you. Through all of your disappointments, I still believed in you. In times of cruelty I still wanted you . . . to be here, to live a meaningful life, with me by your side. I watched your awful attempts to end your life. This hurt me more than anything else could. I wanted to die, rather than live with the fear that you could die at any moment. I was scared for you. I loved you, and still do. This left a huge emotional scar in me. One that I cannot overcome. More than half my life dealt with that one depressing word, suicide. Just thinking what my life would be like without you brings more tears than you can ever imagine. I just wanted to let you know that I love you. I am glad you turned yourself around and are here with me today.

[ With love, open arms, and an ear to listen, ]  
Marcy E. Lambert

## *It all began so simply*

As the sun set over the rolling hills, the weeping willows swayed and his hair blew in the wind. He always reminded me of how sweet pink lemonade is as it trickles off your lip and down your chin, like a rain drop from the bronze sky at dawn. His name was Alex, short for Alexander. He was captivated by the flowing plateaus and the autumn shadows. Alex turned to face the hills' uppermost crest and on it stood a magnificent pheasant. The bird stood bravely and nobly, quilted feathers lacquered with a silver and copper glaze. As he moved to get a better look, a rifle sounded from just a few yards away. Ruby red liquid dripped down the iridescent breast of the beautiful creature.

A rustle came from the brush, and a man with a red and black gingham hunting cap stepped out. Alex glanced at the bird knowing only one person could have done this, and then slowly walked away, never having exchanged words with the man: his father.

Alex walked through the woods toward his house. He heard one more gunshot from the pinnacle of Blueberry Cobble. He ignored it and continued walking. Taking his regular route, he wandered about observing the Autumn leaves. Rust, mocha, and mahogany traveling through the mist. It was all so familiar; like the palm of his hand. Finally he came to the brook that was a quarter mile from his house. As he walked, out of the corner of his eye he saw the gray face of headstone which read "Anisa Cordell- Beloved mother and wife 1952- 1987." He acted as if nothing was there, and then ran the rest of the way home.

When he got home he ran straight to his Aunt's room and took out a dilapidated shoe box. It was filled with old, black and white, and colored photographs. He spread them all out across the knit quilt his mother had made. Alex seemed to know what he was looking for, and when he found it tears came to his eyes and rolled down his face hitting his torn, beige shirt.

The picture was faded but easy to make out. Alex was on a man's shoulders; an unfamiliar scene to him with an unfamiliar man. The sun was shining and reflecting the gold in their hair. Both the boy and his father Peter looked content; but that was a long time ago.

Alex began to reminisce. When he was about three, his father left him and his mother. Years later he came back. After seven years of having a missing parent come home anyone would be happy. It took a while for the family to adjust. Everything seemed quaint, almost perfect for a year or so. Soon Alex's mother, Anisa discovered a fair skinned, blue eyed stereotypical mistress. When signs became more visible Anisa decided to file for divorce, but that only led to black eyes and bruises. Anisa was covered from head to toe with marks of pain. One afternoon with the sun

still shining, but obvious sighs of a thunderstorm ahead Anisa and Peter were coincidentally arguing. It had been the worst one yet. She drove away with a bloody nose and a burn mark on her arm leaving Alex behind. A few hours later they received a phone call that Anisa had been killed in a car accident.

Peter was brought on charges with physical and emotional abuse towards Alex and his mother so he was placed in custody with Anisa's sister. As time passed Alex began to feel nothing towards his father, not anger, not pain, just numbness.

After Alex released his pain he took a nap.

A short while later the phone woke him up; his aunt's voice came through the receiver and said, "I'm afraid I have some... Bad news, your father-"

"Please don't call him that," Alex said angrily.

"I'm sorry, as I was saying your-I mean Peter is dead, Alex. He... shot himself on top of Blueberry Cobble today," continued his aunt.

Alex calmly said, "I'll see you at 6:30."

Alex hung up the phone. He didn't know what to feel; sadness, remorse, happiness, or anger. At fifteen going on sixteen, bewildered and oblivious all Alex could think was... it all began so simply.

mia ferrera wiesenthal



## *Loehmann's*

Room rimmed with women  
staring intently into the mirror  
as if their eyes could change its reflection.  
Many can afford no better  
than these cheap clothes, the piles overflowing wobbly benches  
not slumming like you.

Flesh squeeze  
stretched-out bras  
rips  
control-top

women circle, changing: you  
rapidly  
hunched over  
turning away  
Them forthright though stale, withered  
Trading advice, helping a woman zip up a size  
12  
and then a size 14.

You the only tight young thing there and  
yet when you dare to raise your head

fill with shame like a mirror's reflection of a woman's  
secret flaws: dimply thighs, knobby knees, outcurved  
midriff

Yearn  
to let your stomach hang out  
stretch to do up buttons  
search freely  
like these pinched faded women in the dressing room

—Danielle Dreilinger



Photo by Karyn Lyman



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Print by Megan Heuer

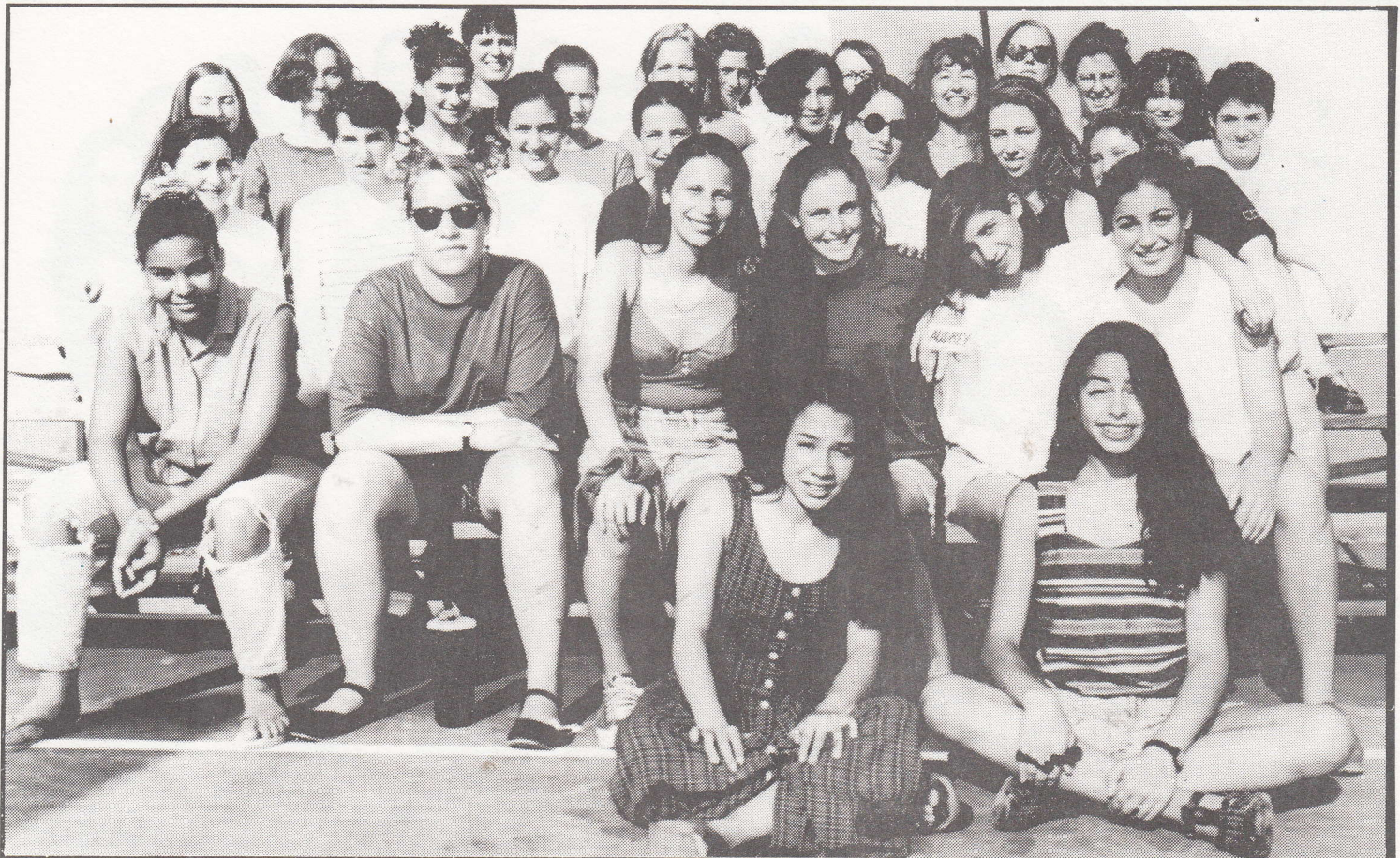


*Bunk Photos*





Girls' Terrace I





Girls' Annex Cabins





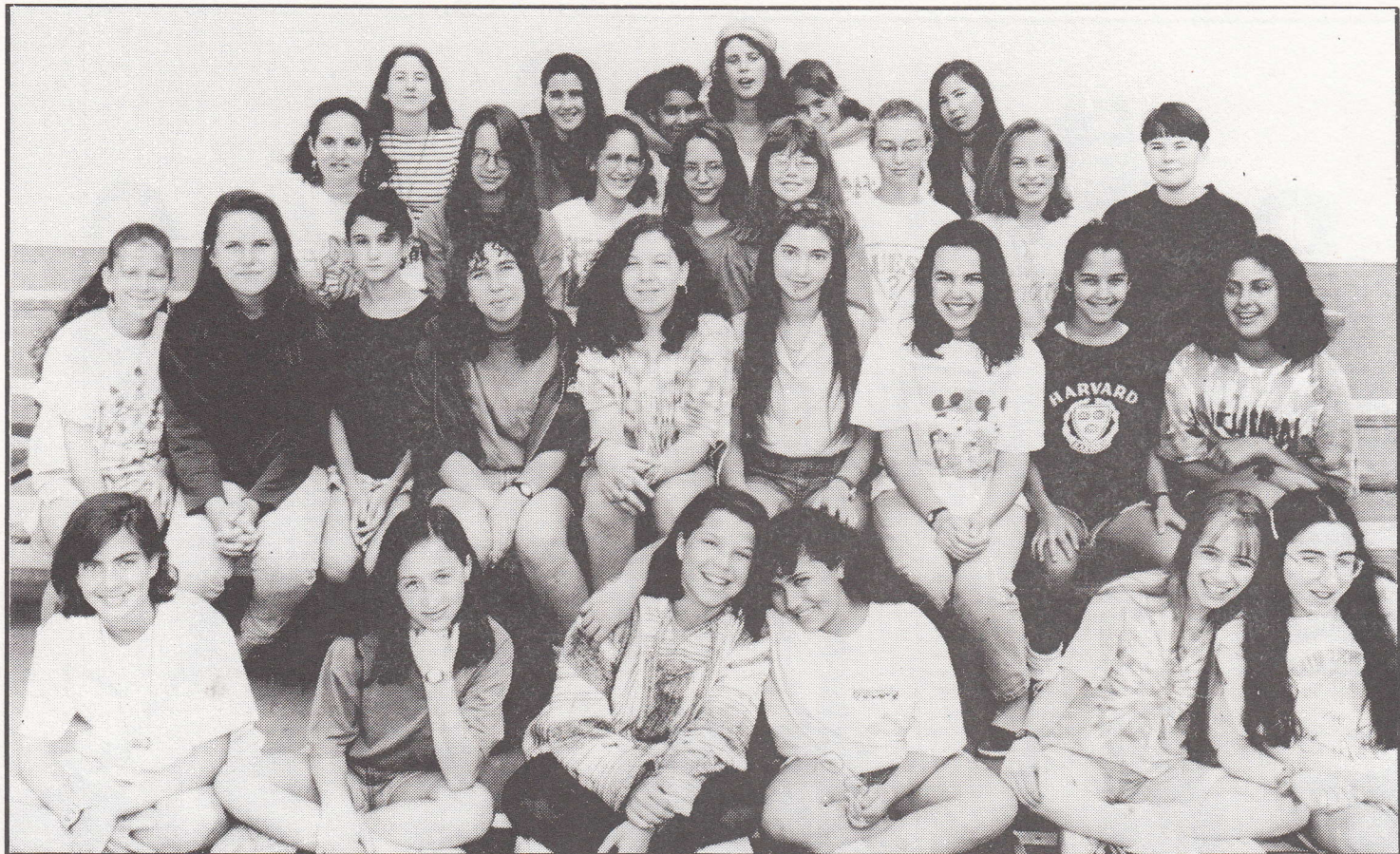
Boys' Cabins Upstairs





Boys' Annex





## Girls' Annex I





Girls' House Upstairs





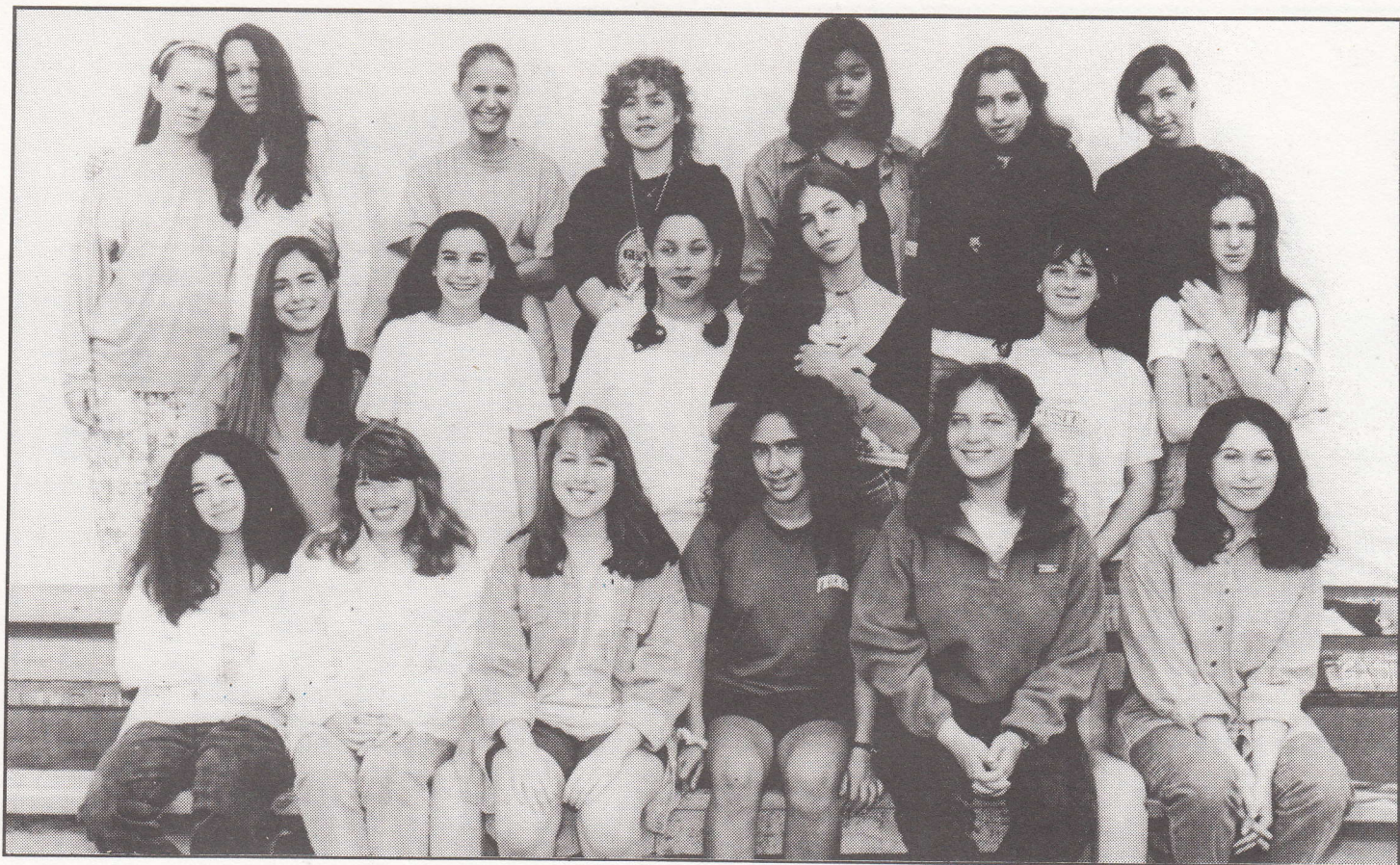
Boys' House Upstairs



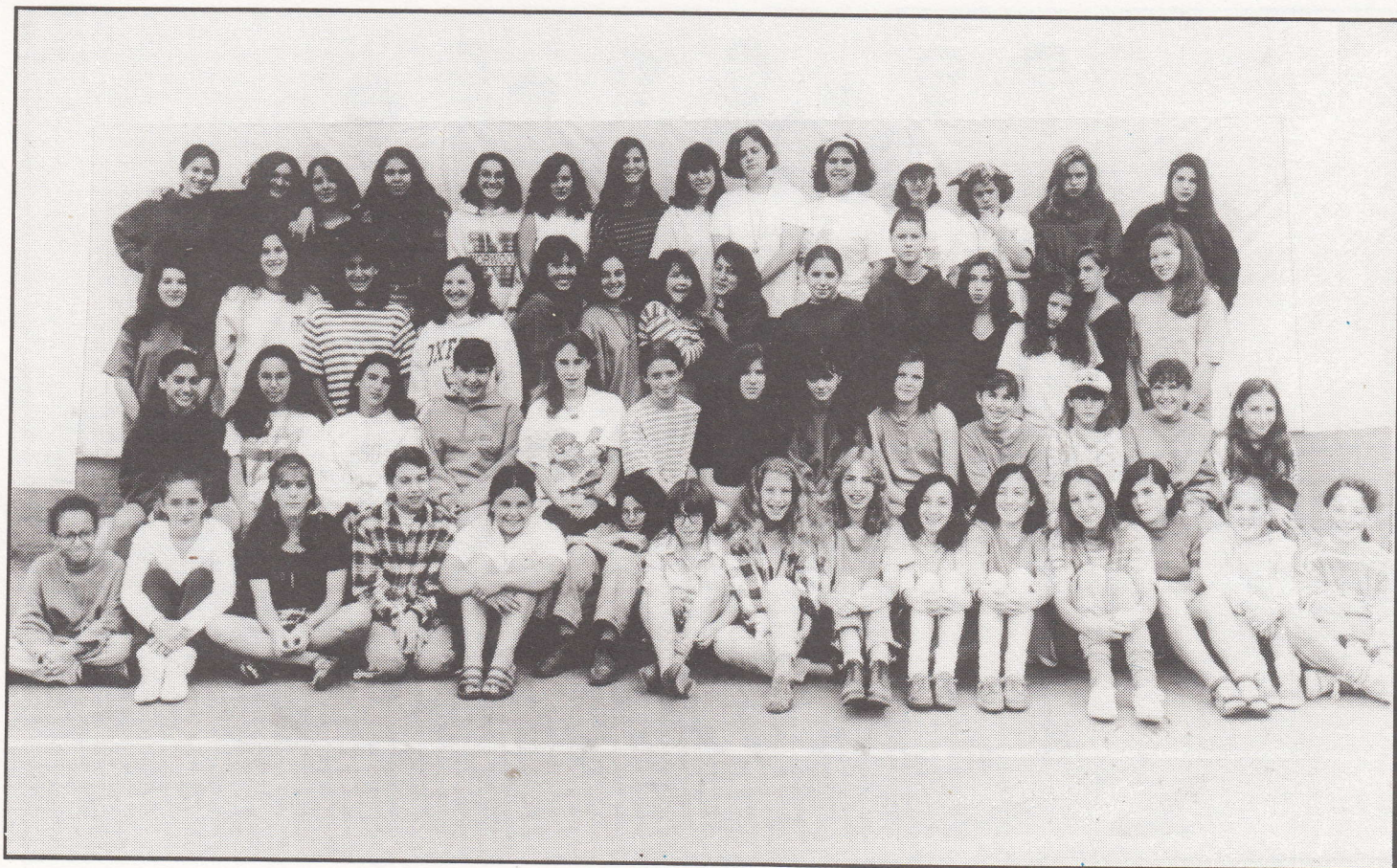


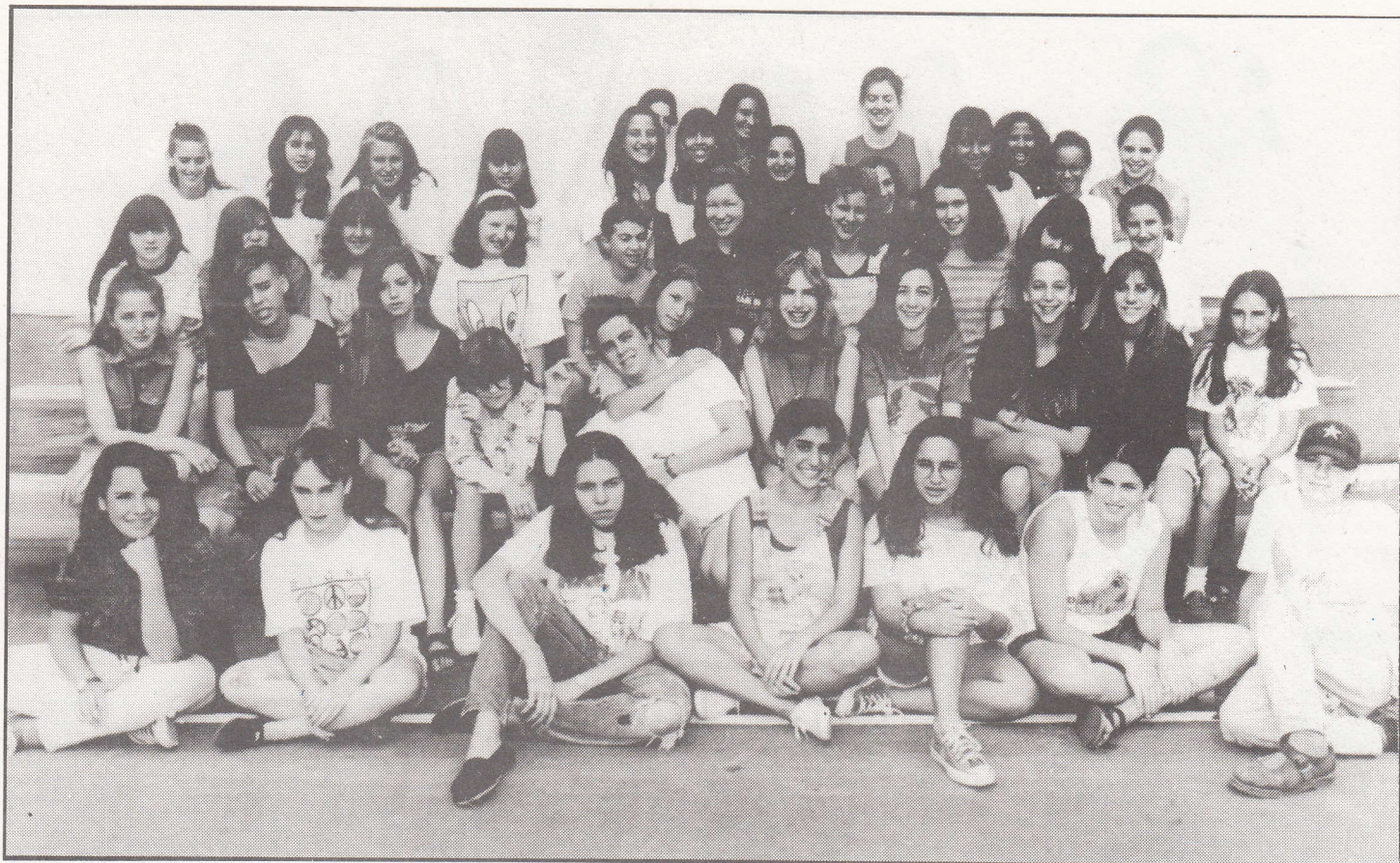
CITs





August Girls





And More August Girls



August Boys



Maintenance





The Kitchen Crew

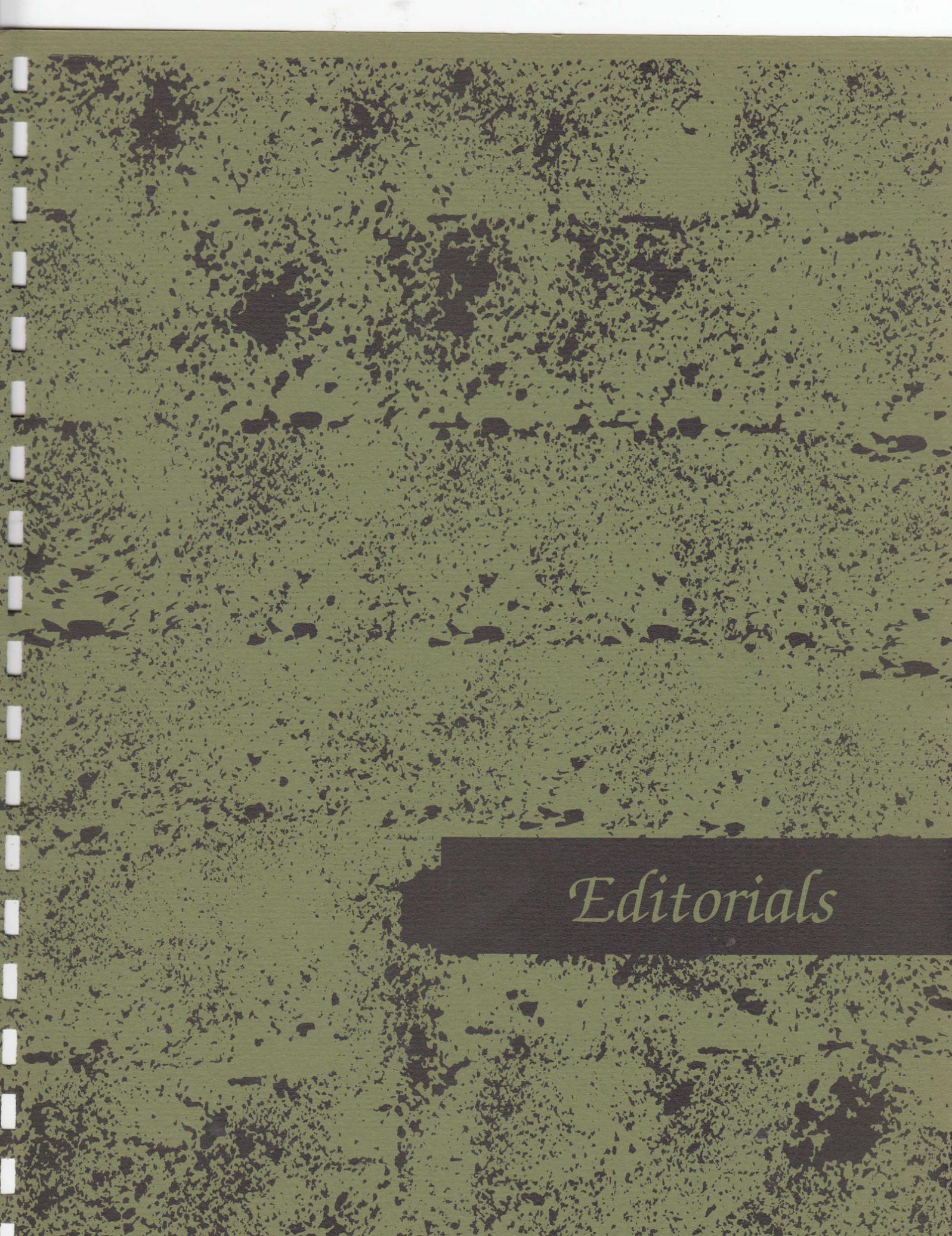




Office Staff







*Editorials*

*I'll tell you how the Sun rose-  
A Ribbon at a time-  
Emily Dickinson*

# Editor-in-Chief



The moon is hanging low tonight,  
its green, diamond mesh swaying  
back and forth,  
Sweeping aside mulch and fluffy brown dirt.  
It shines onto the garden between  
those two trees to the left of the porch.  
And I can clearly see the man curled up in it.  
He is wearing blue jeans and a Stussy hat.

Monsters feel safe to show their faces here.  
With a sliver of light sucking in its breath  
to fit through the crack in each pair of double doors  
and rope-shuttered windows.  
Screens also project a glow.  
Lions and kittens prowl through the dandelions together.

And chickens often perch themselves  
on the fence-like slats of the  
prime colored,  
lounge chairs as you may describe them.  
No, soap, radio, thank you.  
We're all doing just fine.  
With our rubber cement and hued inks.

Darkroom walls are pale white.  
Beauty emerges from crunching metal and  
breathes on tree fibers.  
The familiarity of Pub once again envelops me.  
The beat echoes infinitely.

Jennifer Benson (Charlie)



# Co-Writing Editor

## 212 Hues of Kate

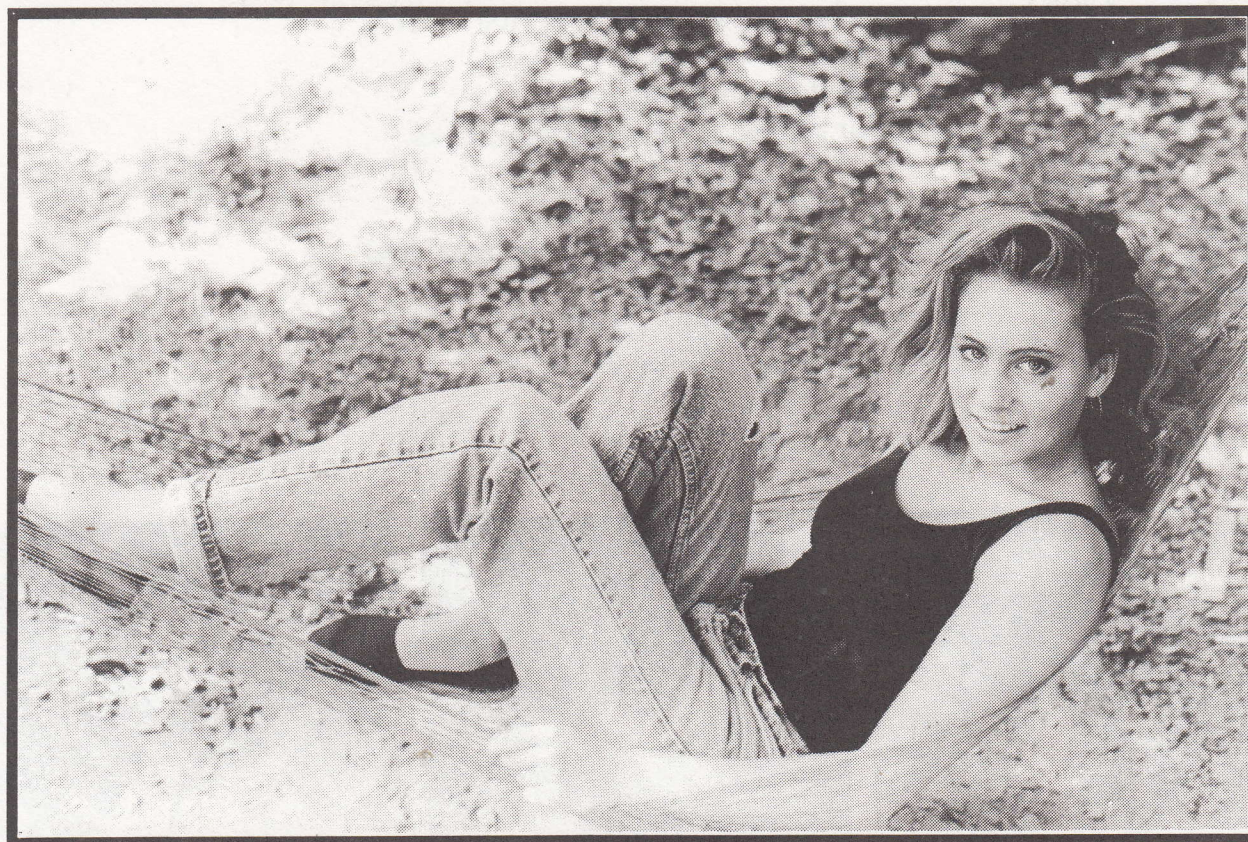
Don't ask me why 212— I just like the number. The numerous hues refer to my everchanging moods, personality, and points of view.

I came to Buck's Rock as a first year CIT with so much shimmery makeup I nearly glowed in the dark! I was still attempting to relive the 80's, and I hated men.

I'm leaving with less makeup, a boyfriend, and a hell of a lot of new friends who helped me to grow and mature so much that I now have the ability to tolerate even my little brother.

Upon returning to one of the millions of "tree cities U.S.A." I'd like to thank my parents, Ed, and especially Ernst for making it possible for me to come to Buck's Rock. I'd also like to thank the people who tolerated my unruly behavior when I couldn't make it to the locked box, Ari for proving nice guys really exist, and most importantly all of my new friends who helped me to tone down my 212 hues. —Oh one more major thanks— Mom and Dad, thanks for letting me take a break from Catholic schools and academic camps and making it possible for me to have one of the best summers of my life.

Kate Trenkle



A close-up photograph of a document. On the left, there is a red circular stamp with the text "RECEIVED" and "JAN 11 1983" visible. To the right of the stamp, there is a handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to be "J. B. Smith". The document is white with some faint lines and text visible in the background.

IS AN E

# *mia ferrera wiesenenthal* *was lallala misagufpa!*

\*\*\*\*\*

i am so happy to have been able to experience a buck's rock summer...i love it here and i hope to return someday...i've spent at least one quarter of my time in publications so being an editor just kept me in here a little more...now that it's two weeks until the end...and i have been working as an assistant writing editor...i must submit a list of inside jokes and thank yous...since the first day i stepped foot in pub i fell in love...thanks to all the pub staff...esp...shelly, eva, sandro, mika, laura, jen, adam/s, kate(i love you)...quarts of bug juice to the flyest .... /eva-one up homeslice-beware of the evil curse on your bed/more tea/pool parties and sleepovers. sarahs...sarahs...andmoresarahs...kaufman/small/hirshan/simon-itwasfun...tesser thanks for "handling me" even when i was "out of control" awww...jen, hmm...well i love you...we had many good times not to be talked about in the yearbook...Holly let's lambada! Robin i miss you...malka thanks for letting me psychoanalyze you...anna stay sweet inside and out...david i want to tell you a secret...julia hugs and kisses, this is ridiculous...nancy-here is some guava jelly...francesca "girl i'm gonna make you sweat"...painting studio thanks...nathan & brenda/ awww...bari, i liked our little heart to hearts...jeff-don't ever change/thanks for keeping me from going over the edge-oh and stop sweating yourself...ari-why are you so great?...josh 10:10 make a wish...willie..."what would your daddy say"+ "i want to drink champagne with you"...mike+eva thanks i think? for that one strange night in the mousetrap?...eric-easy cheese, crackers, coke, and cards, many more tic tacs too...COCO-i love you-you're the best friend a girl could have-at least a girl like me (or am i still one of the guys?)...stefan-i know you're really 15 sweetie...joelle-you're a sweetheart...dorrie"my brotherrrr" spelunking was hmmm...what's a hoodlum/ can i borrow the beef?...meryl butterfly kisses forever...nicole, hi...mon & sergey huggs forever...  
...jaro M-I-C-K-E-Y-M-I-N-N-I-E FUN...athena going on #7-you know it=sorry about the misunderstanding...juliet i'm so glad that i met you, tanya, and siaban-kahlita is a great thing to have in common...dad THANKS SO MUCH FOR SENDING ME HERE-I LOVE YOU AND...elena i love you too...well i have so much love to spread so if i forgot anybody-really i didn't forget you i just lost space on MY THANK YOU PAGE,i mean EDITORIAL PAGE.

love always...

miaferrera wiesenenthal...  
(this is how my name is spelt)

P.S. all i want is someone to hug me!



# COPY EDITOR—LILI KALISH

*Originality—it's a complicated concept. Sitting in pub garden, trying harder than anything to be original, I'm wondering what the word original really means. Everything—every thought and concept that the mind idealizes has to come from somewhere. Ideas aren't plucked from the abyss. They are formed by years of living and learning—from your experiences. So who's to say what's truly original? Yet here I sit, valiantly, but alas, futilely, trying to be original. Oh well, some battles were not meant to be won.*

Thanks to...

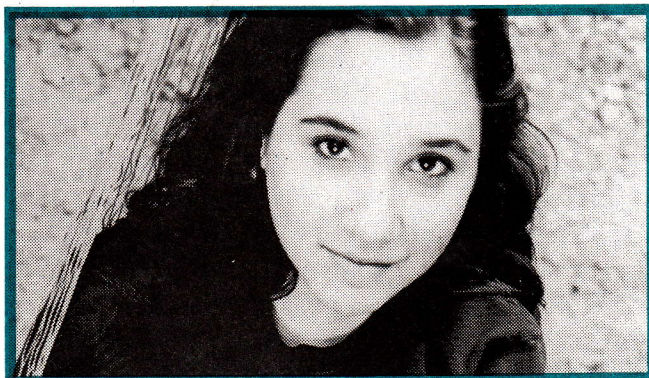
**Ernst** — on behalf of the entire camp, for creating Buck's Rock... **Mom, Dad, and Alyssa** — for everything... **Amos** — for making me smile... **Holly, Charlie, and Joelle**— for putting up with me and my slob-like ways. All arson aside, you guys were absolutely THE BEST bunkmates... **Allegra** — for always being there. CITing with you was awesome. Don't worry, we'll find work!... **Alicia**— for laughing at my jokes, for allowing me to repeat myself, and for your bed... **Jon**—for being my support system and my baby... **Bess** — for all your help and humor; they were both greatly appreciated... **Tanya, Siobhan, and all the other music groupies** — for showing up... **Matt**— for your shoulder (nuff said, aye?)... **Erika**—for being the \*\*\*\*... **The Octagon**— for the laughter and the tears... **The CIT's of '93** — for the fun and the memories... **Ed, Marilyn, Marlene, and Stan** — for obvious reasons... **Buck's Rock** — for the experience.

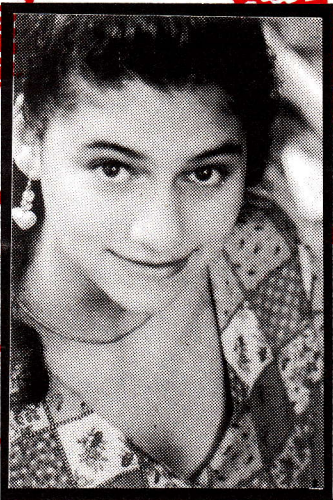
*I'd like to thank everyone whom I came in contact with this summer, and even those I didn't, for making this a truly original summer, different from any of the four other memorable summers I've spent at Buck's Rock. I leave you with this: Maybe what makes Buck's Rock so special is that here, as perhaps no place else in the world, you are free to define originality for yourself.*

LIFE IS JUST A  
CHAIR OF BOWLIES



*Lili*





# Copy Editor Jennifer L. Rosen

**Metamorphosis!** The moment I stepped onto the porch and saw the guitars- I became "Rockin' Mama In Training." In art, I ceased to be Jen and became Jengritte, Jen Gogh, Jencasso, and Jen Dyck. In sculpture I was invincible, even when it entailed the construction of a seven part plaster mold of a decapitated dragon, with no tail, wings, or appendages. And there was farmer Jen up at "Aminal" Farm, getting cow kisses and bunny snuffles, and realizing how painful it is to be stepped on by a llama. In the musical performance of "Animal Farm", as Minimus, the piggy poet lauriat, I had the opportunity to be the hammiest thespian ever to grace the Actor's Studio with my piggy prescence. As a part of the yearbook staff, I became a professional.

Although these are all temporary transformations, at Buck's Rock (inspirational not-so-subliminal message) I capture an element of myself that is rarely present in my everyday life at home and at school. Theater is an integral part of our camp, but I find that I have to act much less here than in the real world. Here I am more tangible than in the Manhattan blur where discussing philosophies (of words being meaningless, time being eternal [or nonexistent], change being imminent, and life being dynamic) is scorned.

I like to think that this is the real world, and the mundane, quotidian society in which I otherwise live is synthetic. And with that happy note I would like to begin my stimulating (traditional) thank you list.

1. The six-inch rule (without which human contact may have been possible) 2. Lighthouse consuming insects 3. Kix cereal in cleavage 3.141569.... If I'm about to forget to thank you- oops! 4. Very small rocks 5. Dan's band of merry men and woman [ME!] 6. Nature Boy/ Gal-  
lant Knight 7. Thisby 8. The Ferengi from Falsettoland 9. prostate enlargement and the male  
ego 10. flouride dance woman/ mommy 11. the beautiful thin one who kvetches about eating  
too much peanut butter and says, "Way to be a Jewish nun!" 12. Spike the pet moth 13. the  
bovine drummer who loves smelling my hairspray 14. Rose and her Samurai stick 15. Liz Jr.  
(please don't sell me!) 16. the sexy fleen shop CIT 17. mom and dad [who sent me] 18. my  
husband [who they don't know about] 19. Ed Budd for "Right Field" 20. The bad poets society  
21. the posse 22. the bathrobe brigade 23. anyone whose eyes are wanton pools of unheeded  
lust 24. the bathrobe trendsetter 25. My lovable clowny Stuy trekkie 26. Missy-Ra 27. nose  
noises 28. any "elalator" that goes up {or stays up, for that matter!} 29. a block of wood 30. the  
ripe strawberries 31. Pink Floyd acolyte who was obsessed with the female anatomy 32. FMLF  
33. The magnificent director of "Last of the Moronics" 34. Abe- "Olaf!" 35. my fuzzy bunny  
ceramic CIT 36. The group of girls in Terrace 2 who tried to convince the counselors that it was  
O.K. to walk around completely naked 37. Robin and her delectable goodnight hugs 38. And  
of course, the one person who made this whole schmegegic possible- Ernst Bulova

# Art & Layout Editor

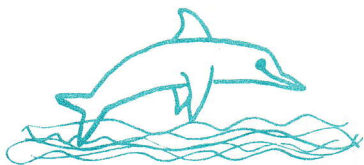
## Adam Brin

For me this has been one of the best summers I have spent at Buck's Rock. So I decided that this year I would do something to really make it excel in my memory, and as a result, I became an Art and Layout editor. Being an editor is a tough job, but people like the PUB staff and my co-editors, made it easier. Though it has been hard work our staff has amazingly put out a three hundred page book in only a few weeks.

A note on allegory: Buck's Rock is an allegory for life-- try everything, you may like it. Also like Buck's Rock, the world isn't perfect even though some people think it is!!!

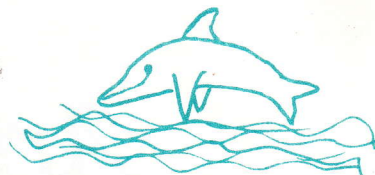
Adam Brin





## **ART & LAYOUT EDITOR**

**SUSAN TIEDEMANN**



O.K. So Sandro tells me to write an editorial. About what? I looked at previous yearbooks, talked to people about it, but still my mind is blank. I guess, I will just write as I go along.

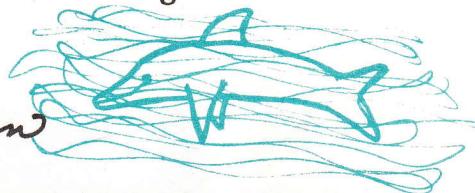
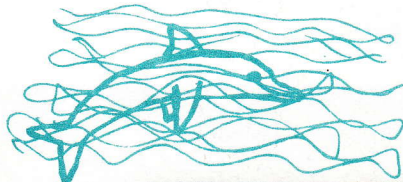
First I will thank people. Chris Smith for helping me in A & L. Much appreciated. Thank you Barbara Janovski for being such a good friend. You always understood how I felt when I was sad or listened to my problems. Thank you Heather Andes for those long talks we used to have. They really meant a lot. You're a really nice person and a good friend. Thank you Lauren Coburn for being really sweet and being a good friend. Thank you so much Chris Dicke for recording all those tapes for me. U2, (especially them), crash test dummies, sting, etc. I really appreciate it. Thank you Danielle for being such a good friend and you were a pleasure to work with. Thank you Jen for being patient with me when I was confused on certain things and you are a great E. I. C. Thank you Kate for being such a nice friend and you are a pleasure to work with.

Being an Art & Layout editor was most fun. It was hard at times but I could handle it. I also had Adam and Mike as partners. That took some pressure off. I got to draw which was what I was aiming for. Thank you Sandro, Mika, Laura, Shelly, Chris, Bob, Stewart, Ian, James, Eva, Jen, Daniel, Kate, Darrell, and Brett. Without you all, I wouldn't really have had as good a time as I've had. I had the opportunity to learn many things.

There are a lot of memories that I will remember from this summer. For instance, watching Brett being put in the garbage. Darrell and Stuart drawing designs with markers and white out on the printing press. Bob being covered in Ink everyday. Laura, Mika, Sandro, Danielle, Jen, and everybody else clucking and trying to teach me. Adam sitting or reading a newspaper. Brett and I stealing some Kellogg's Frosted Corn Flakes from the back room of the kitchen. Lauren and Heather cooking popcorn in their bunk yet breaking their alarm clock and hot pot. Lauren afraid of an ant. Heather killing it. Adam R. talking about Madonna non-stop and imitating her kinda. Eva putting blue, purple, black, green or any other color on her lips. Barbara never leaving her hair down. Nelly and her magazine while Adam R. freaks out. Over all, this summer was great.

Love,

*Susan Tiedemann*



# PRODUCTION EDITOR

DARRELL J. SILVER

As I wander from the ping pong tables to the canteen to the dining room while spilling Coke on my Arizona Ice Tea shirt, I try to remember all of the things I had carefully thought out before writing this. I run into friends who take the past yearbooks from me, showing me pictures of themselves and remembering. I think that I will be doing the same thing next year, which makes me wonder about this year; what did I do, what did I accomplish? I think to myself that I have helped in a big way to put out this yearbook. I mean I was the one filling in for Brett and the one who ran the press when Stuart was sleeping/ at the toilet/ not there/ on a break/ looking for his book/ talking to Julia (which pretty much means 80% of the time). Not to make fun of Stuart or anything.

These things, these experiences that I have had this summer, all on one page? That will be a challenge. But this summer I have had a number of challenges. To name a few of them: This yearbook, wondering if Stuart had enough runs to do, getting all of the pages Ian gave me to the dummy, and setting up piles of paper for ya Bob's press.



Photo by Elyse Cahill

A quick thank you to Ian Jackson for suggesting to me that I should be an editor. Thank you Ian from the kitchen for making GREAT snack conversation.

60

roll

er

# Assistant Art & Layout Editor



Since I have never written an editorial before, I really have no clue as to what I should write about. Having read through a bunch of editorials from the past, I have found that most of them include something about the yearbook, something cheesy and emotional about camp, an unnecessarily long list of thank-you's, and a whole lot of inside jokes that less than one percent of the camp understands. Since I don't want to do anything completely different from anyone else, I will try to pattern my editorial after all of those that I've read.

First comes the stuff about the yearbook. I only came to the first meeting because I wanted to have a few illustrations of mine in the book. I decided to fill out an editor application because I thought that it might be a good experience, plus I thought it would be an easy job. As it turns out, I was right and wrong. Working on the yearbook has been a good experience for me, but it has not been that easy. I've put in a lot of hard work over the past few weeks, but I think that the end result will be well worth it. Before getting off the subject of the yearbook, I would just like to say that I don't like the name "Allegory." My suggestions for the title included "Fred" and "Blue Milkshake."

Second comes the sappy stuff. This is my fourth year at Buck's Rock, and I have made a lot of great friends in those four years. I'm sure that some of the friendships I have made here will last for a lifetime. Please note that this final part must be read aloud in a Fozzie the Bear voice: "Here is where I mostly smile." Okay, that's enough; I'm getting sick.

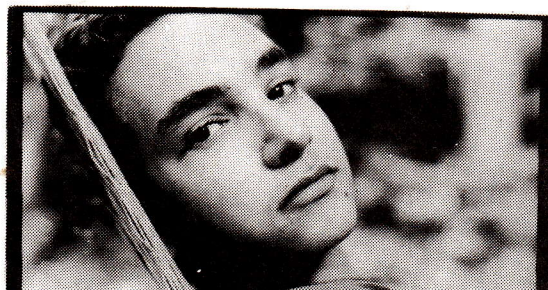
Next comes the long thank you list. I would like to thank the following people and things (in no particular order): my parents and the rest of my family, Pete, the Pub Shop, Eric, Steve, Matt, Eric, Adam from LSD, Eric, Brian, Roman, Arie, Jeremy, Dave (you know, the one who has hair and two ears), Kabir, Richard, Phil, Jonathan from Florida, Matt (did I say that already?), and anyone else that should be on this list but isn't.

Last, but certainly not least, is my wonderfully confusing paragraph of inside jokes. ARMAJA DAS to Pete and Phil. Jeremy and friends: MIMP. Arie, where in the world is *SPLOOSH* ???!! Richard: my cousin Vinnie. Pete: FiberSource, iguana. Joey, where is my soda ???!! Elyse, you are a sink. To everyone who thinks that they understand this but doesn't have a clue,

**MOOOOOOO!!!!** In closing, I would like to say that I am Adam Detsky!!!

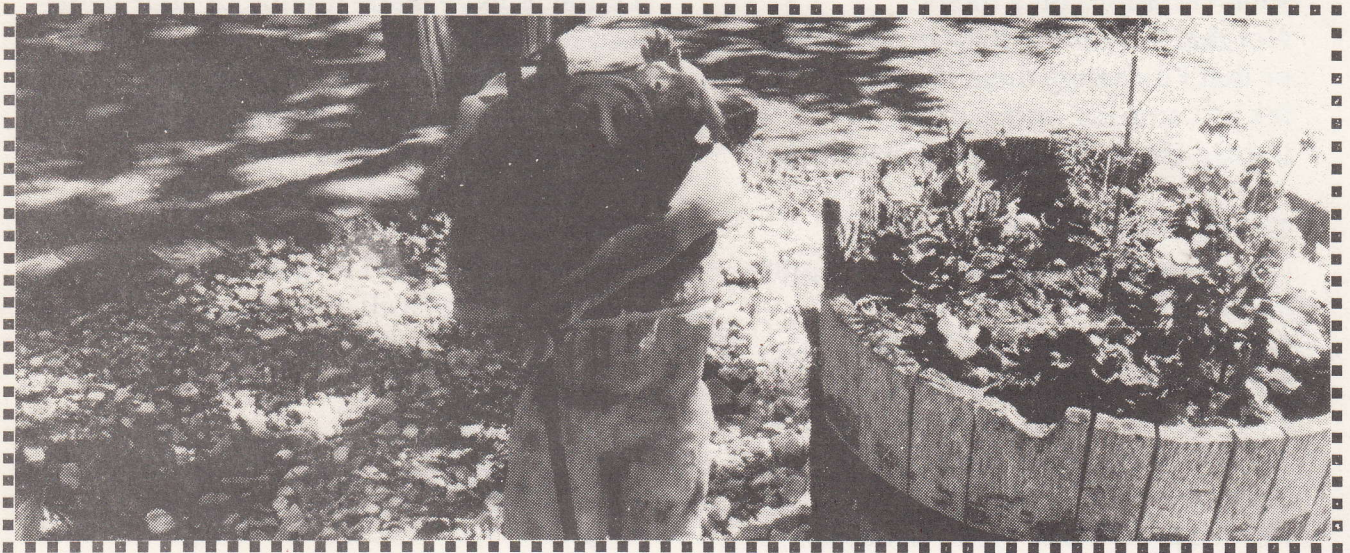
## Have a great year, everyone!!!

## MIKE KAPLAN



# Photo Transfer & Production

When I came to Buck's Rock I thought it would be just another camp. But after a day I realized that Buck's Rock is something special. So I want to thank all the people that helped me realize that. Because of these people, this is the best camp I've ever been to. Buck's Rock is more than a camp; it's where you meet friends.



Brett Kizner

**KATE SCHAPIRA**  
**MORAL SUPPORT EDITOR**

So tell me, what's an allegory?  
 They say that it's a little story  
 that compares what it describes  
 to the bigger world outside.  
 As i read the anecdotes  
 that i and countless others wrote,  
 i realize that i've never seen  
 such variations on a theme.  
 Not that i'm saying they're not good  
 or that i'd change them if i could,  
 it's just amusin' and excitin'  
 to read the styles that people write in.

The yearbook's been a lot of fun.  
 i've learned so much since i've begun:  
 all the different ways to cluck  
 (gobble, grawkle, and, "B'gok"),  
 how to run a printing press  
 and use the "Macs", though i confess  
 the computer lessons that i got  
 didn't help an awful lot!  
 i've made so many great, fantastic  
 friends (though some are slightly spastic).

Now the part the staff deplores:  
 a list of thank-yous from ceiling to floor.  
 Thanx to: the fabulous writing staff  
 for reading my poems and making me laugh,  
 Sarah, Liz, Lex, Abby and Jen  
 for hugs and making me smile again,  
 Emily just for being yourself-  
 i'd never have made it without your help!  
 Leo for relying on me,  
 Susanna for helping me to see,  
 Brett for occasionally making me smile,  
 Jamie for staying a little while.  
 Bess, thanx so much for being my co  
 and helping me when i felt low,  
 and everyone who i forgot  
 or couldn't fit- well, thanx a lot.



"-i BELIEVE THAT EVERYONE IS GOD. THAT THEY SHOULD  
 WORSHIP THE GOOD IN THEMSELVES AND LOOK TO THEMSELVES  
 FOR GUIDANCE."



PUB



GUESS WHO?

SCENE



GUESS WHO?



CLUCK

# Moral Support Editor

**Allegory.** Hmm, what does that mean? What is Buck's Rock an allegory for? In the last two weeks, I've heard numerous opinions and ideas. But what does it mean to me? I think an allegory is open-ended, it can be anything; Buck's Rock can be anything, anything and everything that you make it to be; it's different for each person. It's left up to you to make it special and to find the beauty and the allegory. And I did. So, what's the allegory, you ask. No way, you have to find it for yourself.

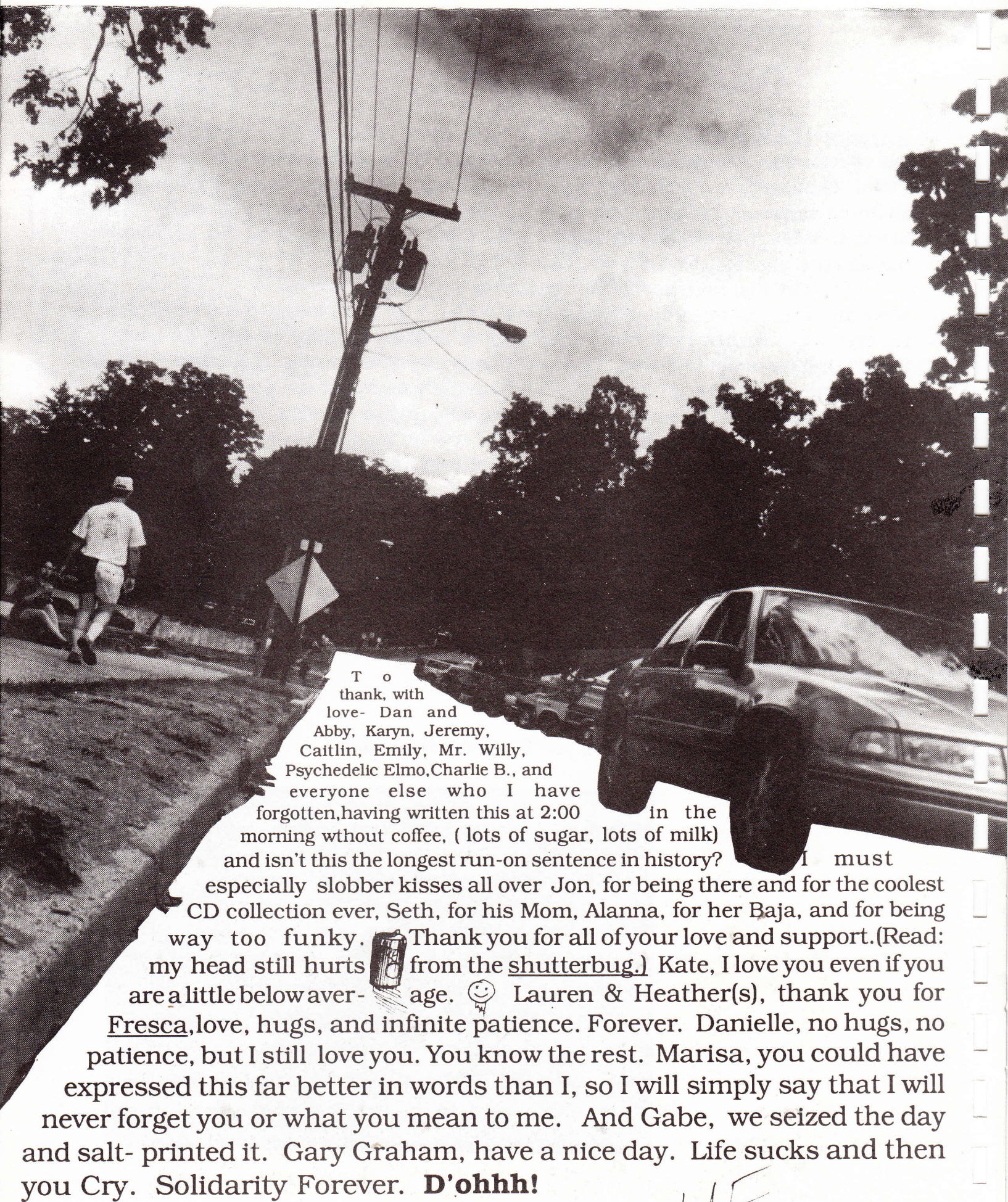
So, with that said, now for the cheesy part, special thanks to:  
Mom and Dad- for everything (especially Buck's Rock), Matt, Jonas + Isaac- for being the best bros. ever, the Pub Shop + the Puppies, Kate (my darling co), Tally- for being the greatest roommate + friend, Tanya- for being my other greatest roommate + friend + for going second, Alicia- for everything (especially midnight visits + rainsticks), Rachel- for never letting me forget why I love you, Allegra- for Chewy Chips Ahoy (+ everything else), Juliet- for just being you, D'Arcy- for innocence + laughter, Erica- for Pringles + nightly stories, Rolly, Melissa, Lili, Holly, Charlie, Joelle, Marguerite, Danielle, Kate (the sweetest), Siobhan, Athena, Karyn, Julie, Bonnie, Elyse, Sara + Rachel, Emily, Suzanne, Molly (I miss you), Jesse "Studmuffin" Blumberg, Mike, Matt, Rich, the FMLFers, Monique (the unarguable best), Big Bird, GEORGE, Ted, Jen "Rocky's" Adams, Bill Clinton, the Knicks, the Smurfs, Robin (hugs!) + Barbara + Amy, the Directors, Ernst, everyone who ate my Gummi Bears, + everyone I left out (not on purpose!).

All my love + hugs + kisses,

**Bess**

P.S. Take time to smell the flowers, you'll regret it if you don't.





To  
thank, with  
love- Dan and  
Abby, Karyn, Jeremy,  
Caitlin, Emily, Mr. Willy,  
Psychedelic Elmo, Charlie B., and  
everyone else who I have

forgotten, having written this at 2:00 in the  
morning without coffee, ( lots of sugar, lots of milk)  
and isn't this the longest run-on sentence in history?

I must  
especially slobber kisses all over Jon, for being there and for the coolest  
CD collection ever, Seth, for his Mom, Alanna, for her Baja, and for being  
way too funky. Thank you for all of your love and support. (Read:  
my head still hurts from the shutterbug.) Kate, I love you even if you  
are a little below average. 😊 Lauren & Heather(s), thank you for  
Fresca, love, hugs, and infinite patience. Forever. Danielle, no hugs, no  
patience, but I still love you. You know the rest. Marisa, you could have  
expressed this far better in words than I, so I will simply say that I will  
never forget you or what you mean to me. And Gabe, we seized the day  
and salt- printed it. Gary Graham, have a nice day. Life sucks and then  
you Cry. Solidarity Forever. **D'ohhh!**

I have no idea what I'm supposed to be writing about; Leo suggested that I write about what I feel has changed over the summer, but even there I can't seem to find an easily identifiable theme. However, to follow this train of thought:

I guess I've grown in skill, as I came in a complete neophyte and can function pretty much for myself in the darkroom. I can say with certainty that I've grown as a person, blah, blah, blah...

This whole yearbook deal has been pretty cool, to coin a phrase. Athena Perry should be thanked for endless provision of junk food (Yes, we ate all of it), in addition to Susannah Goldfinger for Psychedelic Elmo, and Emily Ryan Lerner (Lerner Ryan, Ryan-Lerner, Lerner-Ryan) and Robin Adams for Eurythmics and ska, respectively, and you-all know who you are. But I digress. Anyway, never before have I known the joys of hanging over Dektol until 3am, of napping on the photo porch, of making joyous midnight runs for coffee.

So, anyway...I'm a better person and I love everybody. The world is a beautiful place. There's a leprechaun under every rock. As Barney would say, 'I love you, you love me...'

And Seth, you can just shut up.

Abigail Plumb  
Associate Photo Editor  
Fungus Bandit



# ASSISTANT PHOTO EDITOR



dan greenfield

dan

It's no later than two o'clock (in the morning), and I'm sitting in the photo lab, sort of dazed and a bit tired, suffering from coffee withdrawal.

What a great summer, thinks I, and the frantic yearbook hysteria is a well fitting finale. No, sorry, the hysteria was fun and full of cheese sandwiches, but extremely exhausting and too many Leos smacking into trees. Thank you Malina ,EmRL, Mrs. Moon, Anna, Andrew the Bald, Kate('s great), KyLy , Abby, Joelle and the clowns.

This is by far my best summer in Buck's Rock, but in my three years here, I have found one quote that describes them all...

"...visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you ca'n't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

- Lewis Carroll



# JEN BALLIN - ASSOCIATE WRITING EDITOR

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Danielle Dreilinger- the words 'calming, trickling soul' (you liked them so much) and my eternal friendship and thanks for everything.

Zoe Gardner- a nice, long massage and the ability to throw and have clean clothes and limbs afterwards. My thanks for your peacefulness.

Jen Freeouf- other people to pull out of rivers.

Jackie Weiss- tinfoil voodoo of Steve? Nah. . .

Dave Tuchmann- an unfailing line-learning ability

Dave Fishkin- "Could you move over? You're blocking the TV"

Marisa Kurtzman- the 'tied for most beautiful voice' award

Isabel Grimshaw- the 'tied for most beautiful voice' award

Mun-Jen Ng- a fairy for the daddy extraordinaire

Julie Gilberg- the rabbit you lost and berger-boy throwing capability and 'Dave desires to be a crunch,' Shemp the wonder elephant rules

Dave Gilbert- an apology for not talking more, an everlasting hug, Shemp the wonder elephant, he rules

Leo Ferguson- my wardrobe of skirts + dresses for a better selection

Kali Vermes- a quieter way of creating 'good English graffiti'

D'Arcy Harrison-the punch line '\*\*\*\* you clown, \*\*\*\* you' and "Jengoboom"

Jessica Dee- the name Jecca and love of yourself, I already do, and the "Alfred Simmons, Horse Knacker" sign

Matt Velick- some more loud shirts

Mike Ajerman- the 'best hair and glitziest dress' award

Nila Dharan- a copy of my mix

Jen Berson- a Charlie horse

Nora Harris- your iced tea mix

Joelle Yudin- an everlasting job on the 'Male Crew'

Steve Ansell- yet more coffee and thanks for putting up with me

Rose Bonczek- my thanks for your caring and apologies for pushing you away towards the end

Dave Hanlon- the words 'Te amo' and the meaning behind them and a clean bathrobe

Liz Scheier- some tears to make up for the ones you lost because of me and a hug and you get Shemp the wonder elephant, too

Ariane Reinhart- my heart, plus the results from the blood test - we are sisters

Ed Budd- my thanks for staying up 'till 2:00 in the morning

Sandro + Mika + everyone at Pub- Hot Tamales and cake with non-dairy whipped topping





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Photo by Karlie Stanton

# A Message from The Directors

## Buck's Rock: An Allegory of Discovery

The ancient Greek philosophers used allegories in order to explain worldly principles to their students and other learned scholars. Often they created myths to explain away the mysteries and phenomena of the universe and humankind's relationship to the cosmos. Although science has been able to explain many of these mysteries, humans still have unresolved doubts and questions about the seemingly insignificant role they play in the complex relationships created by man's small spheres of existence.

This brings us to how the summer of 1993 at Buck's Rock will change the way we view our roles as members of a diverse and ever-changing society here on planet earth. You have learned at Buck's Rock that life presents us with both challenges and rewards. In creating, we must constantly negotiate between what we desire and what we produce. While we are often successful in making real what we hope to accomplish, there are also risks inherent in everything we try. Nothing is certain.

The beauty of Buck's Rock however, is that it extends to us the opportunity to take risks without fear of failure, to learn by doing, and to appreciate both what we have learned and what we still have left to learn. Buck's Rock is the world on a smaller, friendlier scale. It offers us the chance to develop the strength and self-confidence necessary to face the outer world. In this sense, Buck's Rock is a microcosm of the society in which we live during the year.

But many campers have also observed that time moves both more slowly and more quickly here at Buck's Rock. The summer flies by us, and yet we are given more time than usual to concentrate on and figure out who we are as people, what we want to do with our lives, and how we wish to present ourselves and our ideas to others. In this different sense, perhaps Buck's Rock is an *improvement* upon the world; here at camp we add to our worldly responsibilities the freedom and the liberty to ponder, to create, to discover our particular roles in the world at large. For this reason, Buck's Rock is most certainly an allegory because it presents us with a framework in which we can learn, and it permits us to discover—to not only be educated, but educate ourselves and others.

Although the first Greek philosophers used allegories over hundreds of years ago, we today, in contemporary society, still allegorize the world in order to understand it better. Buck's Rock seeks to give us the tools with which we can try to answer the questions we have about ourselves and our lives.

We have greatly enjoyed having you here at Buck's Rock this summer. Last year, we celebrated Buck's Rock's 50th anniversary. As we now complete our 51st summer, we look forward to always being able to provide young adults with opportunities to explore, develop, and grow both as artists and as responsible, caring, productive members of society. The world young adults face today can often be confusing, dangerous, and frightening. But we hope that after your summer here at Buck's Rock, you will be able to confidently face the future with a developing sense of your strengths, your hopes, and your commitment to making our world, indeed our entire universe, a better place for all of us.

Thanks for another wonderful summer!



Sincerely,

Ed, Marilyn, Stanley, Marlene  
See you at Reunion!



HAVE A Great Winter!

See you next summer!

Tan

# Allegory!

You had to choose a title for your yearbook and you chose "Allegory." The sound of the word seemed good to you.

In the Beginning was the Word. "On the first day God said 'Let there be light. And by his words, God created Heaven and Earth and all Living Things and Man in his Image in six days.'"

This is an allegory. What is the aim of allegory? An allegory represents as well as hides reality; it reveals reality but also protects us from its impact.

But if allegory is taken for reality, if the portrait becomes the person, if the symbol is turned into the object it should represent, mankind's world is in disarray. Man so far has not been able to deal with the disorientations. His aggressiveness has formed an unholy alliance with his fears, assertiveness with perceived dependencies. The invention of religion, though of great comfort and support to generations of individuals, has been unable to reconcile the contradictions that may be part of human nature. On the contrary, it split mankind into hostile camps that prevented the formation of a peaceful world. The resulting indescribable miseries could not make up for the solace religion seemed to offer, nor could the courage and nobility the warriors displayed in these ceaseless conflicts. Religions are by nature allegories removed from reality and the passions displayed by their practitioners have so far prevented mankind from finding an alternative to armed combat. The forces of reason used predominantly by mankind's scientific investigations, explorations, and explanations are still too weak, being of recent origin, to provide an effective alternative. The powers of passion and fear are and might be in the foreseeable future much stronger than the benefits logical thought and concepts can render. There may be two roads, not yet fully explored since they lead into the future. Either humans, still overwhelmed by their insecurity and vulnerability, will still insist that they need the support of the deities they have invented in their own images and whom they address as if they existed in their own right and not, as allegories, in the minds and hearts and souls of their creators who have endowed them with inalienable rights such as immortality, infallibility and the pursuit of unlimited power, the age-old dreams of mankind. On the other hand, they could proceed along the road that their scientific efforts are opening. Where is Reality?

So far, the issues have been approached rather gingerly by scientists themselves. They were afraid of treading on what was considered Holy Ground. And it is true: you can't outlaw gods. They are too firmly entrenched in the human mind and dictators from Julian Apostata to Lenin have failed completely. Modern science has preferred, by and large, to sidestep the issue by ignoring its existence and merrily leaving it to the theologians who, in turn, happily disregard the results of scientific inquiry. So where are we? The question is still open.

We are still awed by the theory of the Big Bang that ushered in present existence. We can be frightened by the idea that it was pure chance that matter by an infinitesimally small margin prevailed over anti-matter and prevented immediate annihilation at the moment of birth. Uncertainty may be the only certainty we can count on. We may wonder how, by mathematical calculation, a creature can be dead and alive at the same

time. We may deplore the demise of the ancient Greek axiom that nothing can evolve from nothing but exchange it against the idea that the universe did precisely that and evolved out of nothing and can eventually return to nothingness. We may find it difficult to accept the possibility that there are effects without a cause, that the constructs of space and time may be only human formulations without cosmic meaning, that Einstein's equation  $E=mc^2$  became the formula that made the release of atomic energy possible. We may be puzzled by the possibility of having to envision infinity imbued with energy that preceded existence and that "eternity," "infinity," "existence" may be terms not valid in the context of cosmic reality. Watching the stars at night, we may be baffled by the realization that the galaxies counting in the millions with untold billions of systems in a limitless universe whose perceivable boundaries lie billions of light years away so that their emanations that reach us can only tell us what they were like at the time the dinosaurs reigned on earth. Our self-confidence may receive a jolt by the realization that our perceptions are limited since our senses can only respond to certain wavelengths and not to all of them, nor do we exactly know what is outside our ability to recognize reality. We could regard as inadequate a description of the "paradoxical conjunction of waves and particles governed by chance rather than the rules of causality."

Is all this and much more reality?

It is difficult to grasp since it is couched in the language of mathematical calculations.

Men and women resemble weak reeds. Their existence can end at any moment. It is threatened by accidents, exposed to chance. The arrangements of their genes may be haphazard. They are beset by irrational anxieties as well as by rational fears caused by illness, growing infirmities, natural disasters, floods and famine. They are menaced by faltering economies, inefficient political systems, poverty and deprivations. The list is endless. And above all, they can't come to terms with death since the prospect of personal non-existence exceeds their powers of imagination. No wonder some took refuge in the allegory that their world was created by a self-satisfied God who declared that everything he had done was good in the face of all obvious imperfections, and treated an allegory as if it were reality.

Where is reality? What can we do?

Mankind seems to be still in its infancy, having evolved only very recently, behaving like children on a playground who throw sand and pebbles to annoy each other, throw bombs and rockets to kill each other, feeling obliged to emphasize their differences of language, nationality, pigments of their skins and religious convictions encouraged by their gods and their various representatives.

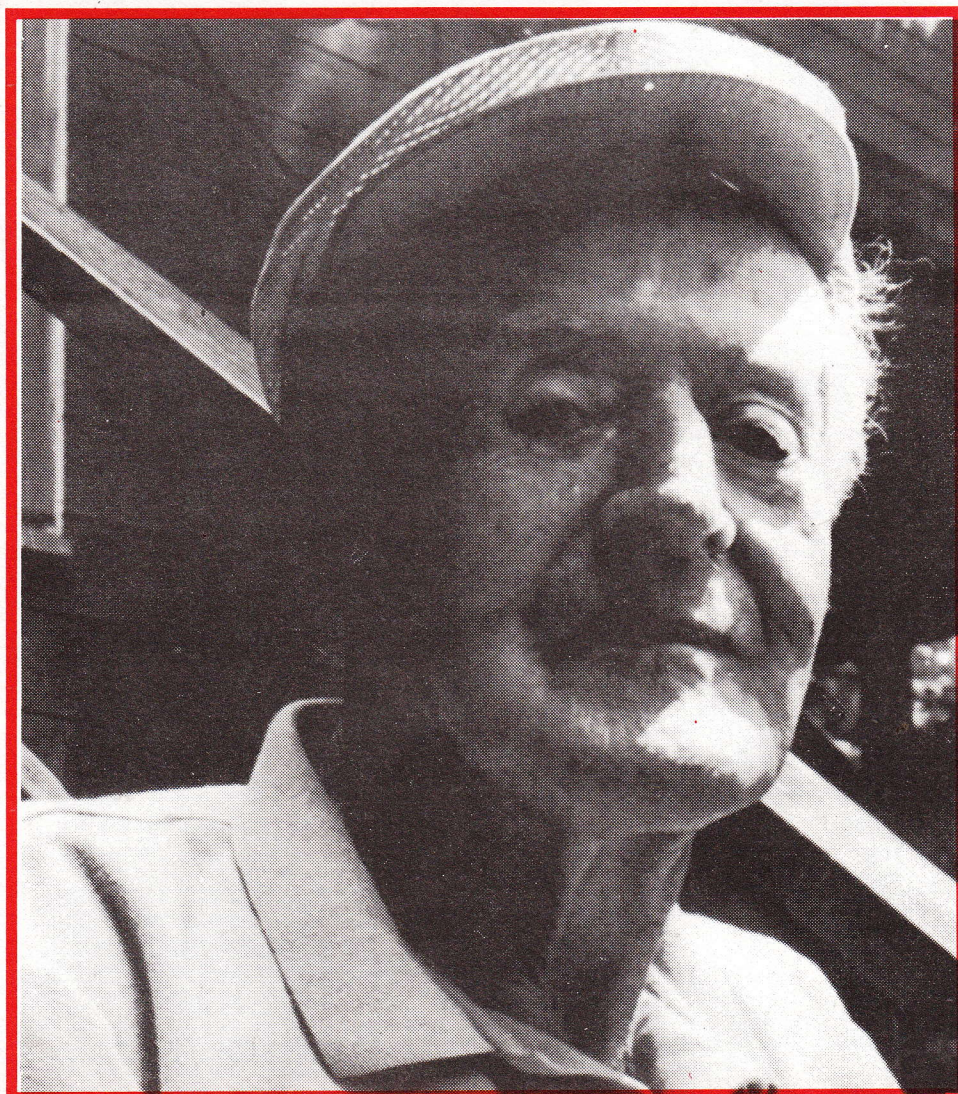
Is this the reality we have to live with?

However, children grow up. Mankind has plenty of time to grow up: one million, two million years? A much shorter span of time than the dinosaurs required for their development.

Where do we fit in?

Fortunately, men and women are only partly in the throes of uncontrollable, irrational inner forces; they are also equipped with minds able to reason and the power of rational thinking. They have invented science and its various offsprings and thus are capable to use their innate desire to explore, to understand and interpret their environment and with it the universe they know they are part of. The nobility, the brilliance of

vision opens horizons of promise. Man may be able to reconcile the inherent contradictions that seem to be part of his nature and that, so far, men and women have found difficult to cope with. However, we may be able to lay the foundations of a new religiosity that no longer divides but unites mankind in its drive to pursue attainable goals. It may successfully use man's innate thirst for knowledge, his drive to explore, his need to understand. It may finally help him to overcome the present confusion caused by his inability to distinguish between allegory and reality, and to assign them both to the roles they should play. Allegories may lend color and light to the realities of which they are symbols, whilst the capacity to live in the realm of reality and objectivity may equip us to justify our existence, to fulfill our destinies by using the potentialities that the existing world around us offers. We can be proud to be part of the changes that will lead mankind eventually out of its childhood and into maturity. Although the goal will probably only be reached in the very distant future, we can and do play a role in the process. We can help it along, albeit only in a minutely small way, by finding and accepting the proper definitions of allegory and reality, by clarifying what separates the terms, and by choosing for ourselves the right place they can occupy in our lives.



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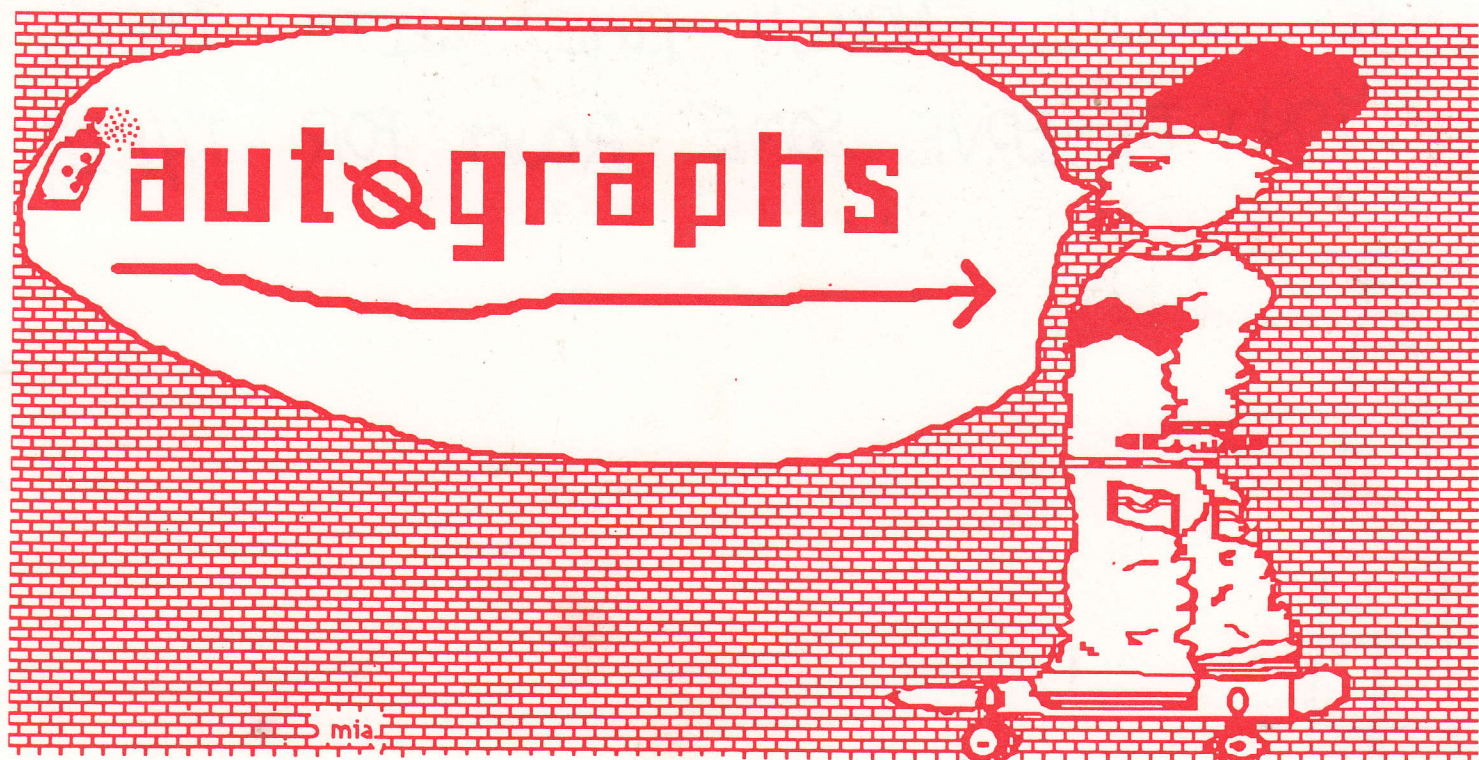
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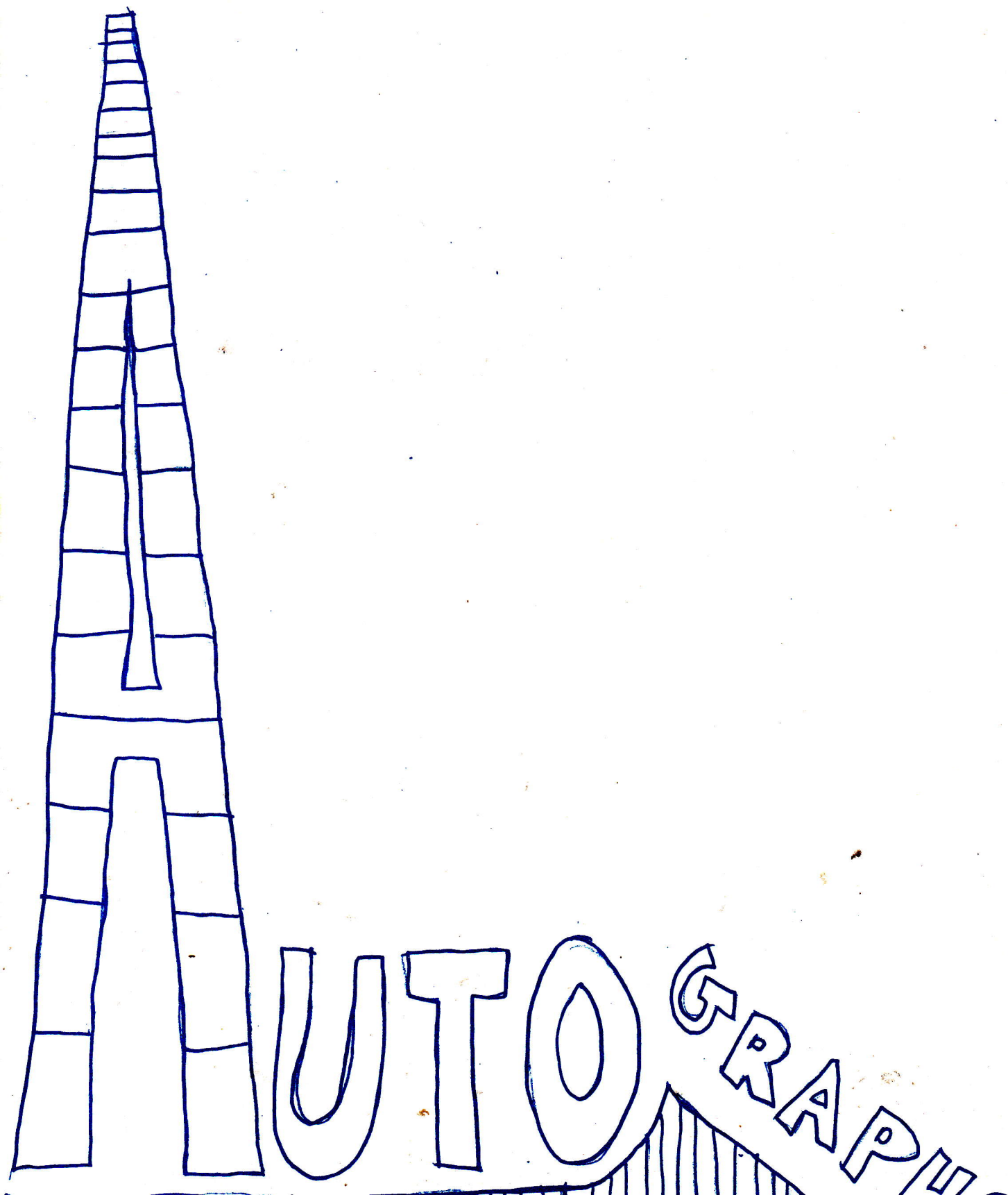
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